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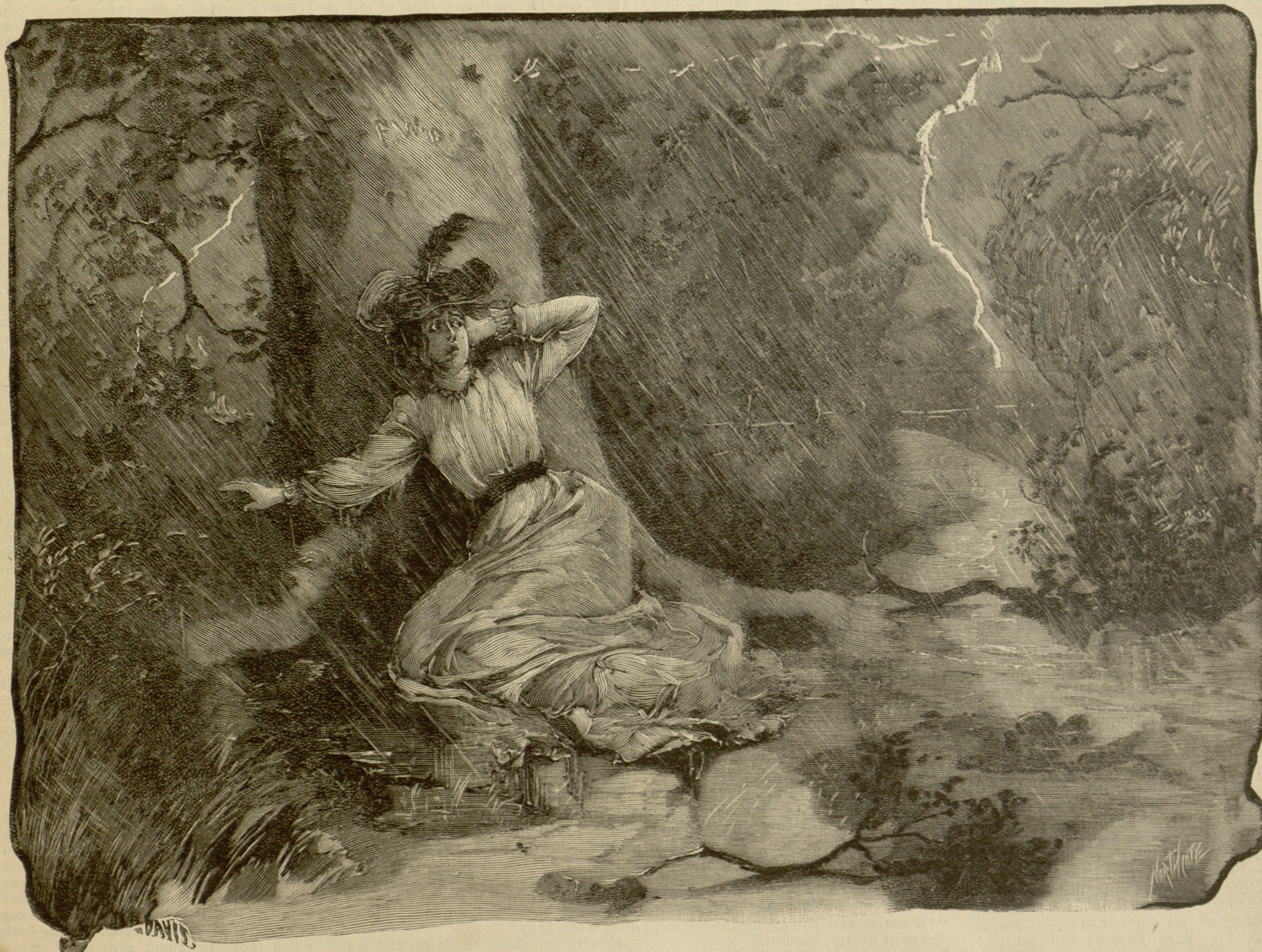

AT THE SAME INSTANT SHE WAS BLINDED BY VIVID FLASHES OF LIGHTNING.

THE AMBERMOY PICNIC.*

BY ELIZABETH OLMIS.

[*This Story is Complete in This Number.*]

CHAPTER I.

THE little village of Amberlake was in a state of great excitement. All the morning a trim footman from the mansion on the hill had been going from house to house, leaving daintily written invitations. There could be no doubt of the matter, the Ambermoy picnic was to be held once more and all Amberlake drew a long breath of relief and delight.

This festivity, it must be understood, was a time-honored institution, which had come around as regularly as August itself from the earliest memory of the "oldest inhabitant" until its interruption three years before the present season by the departure of the whole Ambermoy family for a prolonged stay abroad.

Old Grandpa Ambermoy had died during the winter, and all the family thought the summer would be less lonely if spent amid new scenes. So they had gone away, and Amberlake saw its one "great family" no more for three years. But now they were at home again and here were the invitations to the picnic.

Mrs. Baron was shelling beans in her shady side-porch when Lucy brought her the large, square envelope addressed in Aileen's stylish hand. Lucy had seen the messenger descending from his seat beside the driver of one of the Ambermoy carriages, and going in and out of front yards all along the broad, tree-embowered street. She knew well enough what his errand was, and her heart throbbed and her cheeks flushed crimson even before, at her mother's bidding, she broke the seal and read the few lines upon the faintly scented page:

AMBERLAKE HALL, August 9th.

"DEAR MRS. BARON: Mamma wishes me to tell you that the Ambermoy Picnic will be held again this year on the 16th of August in the old place and that she shall expect to see you and every one of your family.

"And will you please make one of your delicious spice-cakes? There never is anything half so good as those. This isn't mamma's message, but mine, and I know you can't refuse.

"Your loving AILEEN.

"I say so too. GILBERT."

"Much Gilbert Ambermoy cares for my spice-cake," said Mrs. Baron, giving a sharp look at Lucy over her spectacles. "He wa'n't never so fond of my cookin' nor—but there! Aileen 's just the same sweet little thing she always was. Europe ain't spoiled *her*, and she shall have the very best spice-cake I know how to make, bless her heart!"

Lucy held the note, her gaze riveted upon the postscript, her cheek still flushed at the prospect of a whole day at Gilbert's side at his beautiful home. Mrs. Baron looked at her with an expression in which displeasure and sadness were equally mingled.

"You are wronging the truest heart that ever lived, Lucy," she said, presently; "and all for nothing. You think Gilbert Ambermoy is great things. But just wait."

But Lucy had disappeared from sight and hearing, and Mrs. Baron shelled the rest of her peas in silence but with an anxious face and heart.

Years and years before when dear Grandpa Ambermoy was a young man and had brought his gentle bride to the "great house on the hill," then a modest one in comparison with the present mansion, he had invited all his friends and neighbors to spend a day with him and with her and with each other in the fine old grove which overlooked clear, sparkling Amberlake. Each succeeding year during his long life this pleasant neighborhood gathering had taken place. The whole village came, each one bringing, often by special request, some choice "goody" to grace the bountiful table spread under the trees. The good people of the place had missed this happy day greatly since his death. But now the Hall was open again and filled with guests, the old grove was more lovely than ever, the lake twinkled and glistened in the summer sunshine, the invitations were out, and all Amberlake was on tiptoe with expectation.

Lucy Baron's blue eyes opened at the first peep o' day on the morning of August 16. She sprang from her bed and threw open the shutters, gazing eagerly at the sky. Long pink rays of rosy light were shooting up across the gray, and there was every token of fine weather. It was very quiet as Lucy stood there drinking in the fresh, sweet morning air. But she was not thinking of the lovely scene; she did not see the shining dew-drops nor hear the birds singing so gayly. She was wondering how Gilbert would like the new, blue cambric dress she was going to wear to the picnic. Lucy measured everything those days by his eyes and ears and taste. She turned away from the window and going to the closet took down the new gown and examined it critically. She shook out its crisp folds and gently patted its soft frills of lace. She held it up in front of her and stood before the mirror.

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“It *does* just match my eyes,” she whispered. Then her gaze fell upon her round, pink cheeks and the fluffy mass of golden hair which framed her small oval face. She smiled back at the charming vision. “I’m so glad to be pretty! Gilbert wouldn’t like me so well if—”

“Lucy! Lucy, child!” came in quick, brisk tones up the stairway.

“Yes’m! I’m up!”

“It’s high time you were *down*, too! Fly around, now, fast as you can!”

So the blue dress was laid carefully away, and Lucy was soon in the kitchen, helping to pack up the dinner and to get breakfast on the table. When this last was done, she went out to the well to draw a bucket of fresh water, from which to fill her pitcher.

Her hands had scarcely touched the rope, when they were gently taken off and a pair of stout arms lowered the bucket.

“Good morning, Lucy!” cried their owner, heartily.

Lucy glanced up into the keen gray eyes that were looking so frankly down into hers. But she did not see their tenderness nor note the quiet strength of the whole face.

“Good morning, Dave,” she murmured indifferently.

The least bit of a shadow darkened the brilliant morning for David Satterlee; yet he spoke again cheerily:

“I came over to see if you wouldn’t ride up to the grove with our folks, Lucy. There’s lots of room, and—and you’ve got your aunt and uncle to carry, you know—”

Lucy did not reply. She was thinking: “*Gilbert* calls me Lucille. I just *hate* the name of Lucy. It is so countrified and old-fashioned. And he says I am like the Lucille in the poem he read to me once. I know some of it by heart—that place where—”

Here the bucket came up more quickly than ever before, and was set down on the stone curb with a resounding thump. Lucy started guiltily. David did not speak as he took the pitcher and filled it to the brim. With all his sunny temper, he could not help feeling hurt that she should have so entirely ignored his question.

He had loved Lucy Baron with all his true, big heart ever since they were both little toddlers, and he had never doubted her love for him until since Gilbert had returned from Europe and immediately singled her out for his constant attentions.

He could not know how Gilbert’s graceful devotion, his dainty habits, his adroit flatteries at once fostered and satisfied Lucy’s girlish vanity. Although Dave believed her to be the dearest, sweetest little body in the whole world, it would never have occurred to him to whisper in her ear:

“My charming Lucille, you have—

“‘Eyes like the wistful gazelles,
The fine foot of a fairy,
And a hand fit a fay’s wand
To wave, white and airy.’”

In the first place, David had never even heard of the poem of “Lucille;” and if he had, he was too truthful to see any likeness between Lucy’s pink-and-white beauty and the creamy pallor and dusky loveliness of the Countess de Nevers.

Gilbert did not care a rush about the truth of the matter; he only wanted to say pretty things which should bring the color so bewitchingly into the girl’s sweet face.

A great deal more depended upon Lucy’s answer to Dave’s invitation to ride to the grove in his carriage than she dreamed of. They had never been formally engaged, for Dave had a proud way of saying that true love required no pledges; but it was, or had been, perfectly understood between them and their friends that he was to begin the building of a certain cosy little cottage early the next spring. And now he had made up his mind, after several weeks of inward torture and outward patience, to have the matter settled once for all. If Lucy really preferred Gilbert, all right. He would bear it as he might; but she must choose.

“Lucy,” he said, “I’ve asked you to ride up to the grove with our folks; but you didn’t hear me, and it’s easy to see where your thoughts are. I’ve thought, Lucy, I’ve thought—” Here his voice trembled and his eyes rested tenderly on the pretty, innocent face before him. “Never mind. Lucy, is it Gilbert Ambermoy or David Satterlee? It can’t be both!”

He straightened himself as he finished, and his face was almost stern.

Lucy had never seen him look like this, and she drew back a little, blushing and dropping her eyes. She did not speak, but David knew only too well what her answer was.

“Good-bye, Lucy,” he said softly, and went away.

Gilbert did not come for her in the dog-cart as he had promised to do, and she was obliged to squeeze the blue dress in between Aunt Sarah and Uncle Elijah, much against her will. When they arrived at the grove, she beheld him strolling about by the side of a fairy-like little creature and having eyes for no one else.

Half a dozen of the girls came rushing to her, full of the great news.

“Isn’t she a beauty?” cried one.

“Aileen told us that she is their cousin from the West Indies!” exclaimed another.

“Mr. Andrew Ambermoy’s daughter, you know, Lucy. He married a Spaniard, and her mother is dead, and doesn’t she look like one, with those great black eyes, and Aileen says she never wears a thing that isn’t pure silk, and—”

“Oh, Bessie, Aileen didn’t say that! She never gossips that way! Aunt Sarah heard Miss Dackett say that—”

“Never mind,” interrupted a later-comer. “I’ve found out her name. It is Dolores Josefa Maria d’y Catalona-D’Iguez. I wrote it down—”

“She must be a princess! She looks so haughty, just like—like a—a—virago!” finished Bessie, after a little hesitation.

“Oh, oh, oh!” exclaimed Elsie Grey, who had been away to boarding-school. “You mean a ‘hidalgo.’ No, you can’t, for that means a Spanish noble-*man*. I guess she is a hidalgoess!”

They all laughed at this.

“Well, she’s lovely, anyway, and I hope she’ll flirt Gilbert’s head off. He is the softest, most conceited thing I ever heard of.”

“Come, Lucy,” said Elsie, slipping her arm through Lucy’s, “let’s go find Aileen.”

The two girls strolled away, and as soon as they were out of sight of the chattering group, they turned into a deserted part of the grove, where they sat down on the grass.

Poor Lucy! Her head was in a whirl with all their exclamations, and her heart was heavy with a sudden sense of loss, while her pretty blue eyes overflowed with tears.

“Never mind, dear,” said sympathetic Elsie, who had seen how distressed Lucy was, and hurried her away before the others should notice it, too. “She is his company, you know, and he has to be polite to her. He’ll be around by and by.”

“I know I’m a goose,” sobbed Lucy, “but it is all so sudden, I can’t help it. But I won’t cry any more. I don’t want him or anybody to know that I care.”

“Of course you don’t,” assented Elsie, in the most hearty, comforting way.

Lucy kissed her with loving fervor when she had wiped away her tears.

“You are a real, true friend, and I love you for it. There! Are my eyes *very* red, now?”

“No-o—not so very. We’ll walk around by the three stumps, and they’ll get cooled off by the time we get to the girls again.”

It was some distance by this pathway, a particularly lovely one, grass-grown and shaded by fine old trees whose interlacing branches met overhead. At a turn, about midway, they came face to face with Gilbert and Dolores.

A quick instinct taught Lucy to be upon her guard. She bowed to Gilbert with a grace and coolness which surprised Elsie and quite took the fancy of the young gentleman himself.

“Jealous, by Jove! And she did that well!” was his inward comment. “I must see her later.”

He presented the girls to his cousin with a grand air.

“Miss Lucille Baron and Miss Elsie Grey—my cousin, La Señorita Dolores Josefa Maria d’y Catalona-D’Iguez.”

Dolores raised a pair of roguish dark eyes and looked very much as though she were laughing at her affected cousin. But she bowed to them in the most friendly way, and they all passed on.

Dolores wore a becoming dress of pale pink, and a mantilla of rich black lace was draped picturesquely about her head and shoulders. Lucy thought her the most beautiful person she had ever seen. She longed to know her and she hated her by turns.

Just before dinner, one of the little boys brought her a scrap of paper on which Gilbert had hastily scrawled:

“Darling Lucille: Meet me at five at the Witches’ Tree. ‘I am a-wearying for thee.’ G.”

How her foolish heart bounded for joy! He had not forgotten her, then! Even in the company of the lovely Dolores he “wearied” for her, little Lucy Baron! The quaint expression pleased her poetic fancy and altogether blinded her to the fact that he had asked her to meet him at some distance from the grove. Why, if he desired to stroll with her, did he not come and invite her and accompany her, as any gentleman should? She did not think of this. Gilbert wanted her, and that was enough.

She managed to slip away just before five o’clock, and was soon at the trysting-place. The Witches’ Tree was a favorite rendezvous for the young folks of the village, and on almost any other day they could not have been sure of solitude there. But it was a point of courtesy not to leave the Ambermoy property on the day of the picnic. So Gilbert felt quite safe in selecting this charming spot for their interview.

Lucy had hurried a little on her way there, and she was tired. The excitement of the day and its strain upon her had been great. The quiet and the coolness of the forest soothed her. For a few minutes she gazed eagerly along the pathway, but no Gilbert appeared, and very soon overcome by a lassitude which she could not shake off, she nestled against the sheltering trunk of the Witches’ Tree and fell asleep.

She was awakened by something falling on her face. She sprang to her feet bewildered. It was quite dark and the wind was blowing furiously. Drops of water were plashing heavily upon her head. Faster and faster they came until it was raining in torrents.

“Gilbert! Oh, Gilbert!” she screamed. The gale caught her words and whirled them mockingly about her ears. No other answer came. “Gilbert! Father! Dave!” rang out with piercing entreaty; but her voice was drowned in a heavy peal of thunder, and at the same instant she was blinded by vivid flashes of lightning.

Drenched to the skin, shivering, terrified, she sank to the ground, sobbing bitterly. Wilder and wilder grew the storm; great branches of trees were broken, twisted and hurled crashing to the ground; streaks and darts of fiery light constantly illuminated the darkness; long, rolling claps of thunder reverberated through the air, now seeming to shake the earth with their terrible might, now echoing and reechoing from the distance in low rumblings. The very floodgates of the skies seemed to have opened to let down the pitiless rainfall, and the tender little blossom at the foot of the Witches’ Tree lay motionless and almost senseless through it all.

David Satterlee, after he had taken his sister and his mother to the grove that morning, had made some excuse for absenting himself from the picnic for a portion of the day at least. He went off over the hills for a long tramp. His heart was sore, and he felt that he could not endure the sight of Lucy and Gilbert in each other’s company.

He returned about sundown, and found the people scattering before the approaching storm. Just as he was driving from the grove the Baron carriage passed him.

“Oh, Dave,” cried out Mrs. Baron, “I wish you’d tell Lucy to stay all night at Elsie’s, as you go by there. Father ought not to drive down there for her in such a rain.”

“All right!” he shouted.

A call at the Greys’ discovered the fact that Lucy had not gone home with Elsie, as her mother had supposed.

“I haven’t seen her since dinner, Dave. We were together all the morning, though. Where can she be?” asked Elsie, anxiously.

“Over at the Dwights’, like enough,” replied Dave, with a confidence he didn’t feel. “I’ll just step over and inquire.”

But neither of the Dwight girls had seen her since dinner.

“Was she with Gilbert?” he asked as unconsciously as possible.

“Oh, dear me, no, Dave. Gilbert’s had no eyes or ears for any one but his Spanish cousin. Haven’t you heard about her? Gilbert didn’t even speak to any of us.”

“But he wrote a note to Lucy,” piped up a small boy in the corner. “I know, ’cause he give me a dime for carryin’ it.”

“What time was that, Johnny?” asked David.

“Jes’ a little while before dinner.”

It did not take David long to get out of the house and turn his white, set face toward Amberlake Hall. His first impulse was to rush there as fast as possible. But second thoughts told him that he might in this way expose Lucy to unpleasant gossip and make a fool of himself. Lucy might be at home or in any one of a dozen houses he was passing. So the next hour passed in satisfying himself that she was not in the village, but he did not let her own family know but that she was at Elsie Grey’s. How he managed this with a clear conscience it is not necessary to inquire.

“It will be time enough to worry them after I have seen him,” he said, as he galloped along through the darkness.

In a small parlor, hung with yellow silk and decorated with hand-paintings of golden daffodils, Gilbert Ambermoy and his cousin were passing the hours away pleasantly.

He was in full evening-dress; she had exchanged her picnic-gown for one of black lace, through whose delicate meshes her shoulders and arms gleamed dazzlingly. On her breast she wore a great bunch of yellow daisies in harmony with the coloring of the richly furnished, brilliantly lighted little room.

They sat side by side on a luxurious divan. Dolores held in her small jeweled hand a large black-lace fan which she slowly waved to and fro with coquettish grace, now hiding her features from the eager gaze of the youth beside her; now revealing her soft, dark eyes in whose depths was the same sparkle of amusement which had betrayed itself in the morning. They spoke constantly in low tones.

Gilbert’s passing fancy for Lucy’s pretty face was quite forgotten in the presence of this beautiful young relative whom he had never seen before, and who seemed to him the loveliest of created mortals. It was, therefore, with the greatest reluctance that he answered a summons to the outer door.

“Deh gem’man say he cahn’t possumly come in, Mars’ Gilbert, an’ he *am* wetter dan de flood, sah!” was old Scipio’s comment, as he stood solemnly by and gave Dave’s message.

For it was he whom Gilbert found impatiently striding up and down the porch, white and stern. He came directly toward Gilbert, looking down on him from his six-foot height with a gaze that brooked no trifling.

“Where is Lucy Baron?” he demanded, in low, but determined tones.

“Why, I don’t know, Dave,” began Gilbert, surprised at both his request and the manner of making it. Then a sudden light flashed upon him—he had forgotten to meet her at the Witches’ Tree. His boyish countenance betrayed such unfeigned dismay, and his consternation was so great, that Dave couldn’t help feeling sorry for him even before he heard his lame attempts at explanation.

“It’s no use, Dave, I just forgot all about her. But she must have gone home. I’ll saddle Dandy and see in half a minute.”

But Dave’s hand was on his arm as he was rushing out into the rain.

“I’m on Firefly, Gilbert, and *I* will find Lucy.”

Gilbert winced visibly beneath the reproof conveyed by the tone of these last words. He had never in the whole course of his well-ordered, happy life felt quite so small, so contemptible as he did at that moment, standing there in his elegant evening-dress, beside the dripping, stalwart figure of his old playmate, and feeling rather than seeing the keen, rebuking look which those indignant eyes were giving him. He would rather Dave had thrashed him soundly or berated him as he deserved or done anything but overwhelm him with silent reproach.

It was really but a moment that they stood there; to Gilbert it seemed an age. He could endure it no longer.

“I’m sorry, upon my word, Dave. I wouldn’t harm a hair of Lucy Baron’s head for the world. You know that.”

“Yes, Gilbert, I know that,” replied David, with a curious sadness in his tones. “But what of her heart?”

Gilbert flushed, but he answered truly:

“I’ve done that no real harm, Dave. It was only a little flirtation on my part. And, anyway, she couldn’t care for me after knowing you. You are worth a dozen of me, any day.” And Gilbert looked up at David now with something of his old boyish admiration for “manly Dave” in his eyes.

But the cloud did not lift from that troubled face.

“You’re only a boy, I know, Gilbert, but sometimes a boy may do more mischief than can ever be mended.”

He turned away. Gilbert longed to go with him, but dared not ask again. His heart was filled with forebodings for Lucy’s safety—not the Lucy he had been amusing himself with for the past few weeks, but the dear and sweet little comrade of his childhood, the dainty maiden whose champion and protector and constant companion, even in those days, was always David Satterlee. He could not endure the thought that his carelessness might have exposed her to the fury of the storm.

With a few words of explanation to Dolores, from whom he concealed nothing and whose warm sympathies for Lucy were at once aroused, he hurried to his room and changed his clothes. It was but the work of a moment to spring into the saddle, for he found Dandy waiting at the door, and he, too, made what haste he could to the Witches’ Tree.

David, meanwhile, had gone on along the pitchy-black road, divided between his eager desire to lose no time and his fear of passing Lucy on the way. The rain was nearly over, but it still lightened, and one of these occasional flashes showed him the object of his quest.

“Lucy!” he said softly, bending over the figure he saw lying close to the great, rugged tree-trunk.

“Dave! Oh, Dave!” she cried faintly.

But he caught the words, and his heart leaped within him. She was alive! Everything else seemed trifling in the light of this blissful assurance.

He gathered her, unresisting, in his arms, as though she were a baby, and he soothed her much as though she were one. He did not, however, kiss the cold little cheek as he might have once. He was too recently from Gilbert to do that. But he forgave her then and there for all her folly and all his suffering. Her penance had already been more than enough.

“I thought you would come,” she whispered, as she rode before him on Firefly’s back. Her head was close to his heart and she could hear its quick beating. “I was *so* frightened, and I couldn’t see where to go. So I just got up close to the tree and kept listening for you.”

A great drop fell upon her forehead. She thought it was from the dripping trees. But it came from a much nearer source. It was the welling over of a happy fountain which Dave could not keep within bounds. Slowly and safely he brought her home, and gave her into the care of her astonished mother.

A long and serious illness followed Lucy’s exposure to the storm. It was September before she crept about her little world again, a shadow of her former self. But, after a time, the pink came back to her cheek and the light to her eyes.

One lovely, golden morning, Gilbert came to see her. All during her long weeks of weakness and suffering he had constantly sent fruit and flowers and many messages of affectionate sympathy. Now, when she was able to see him, he came and spoke the words of deep sorrow and regret which had been burning in his remorseful heart ever since that terrible night when he had seen David riding near him with her in his arms and had not known whether she was living or dead.

Lucy’s eyes no longer drooped shyly before his. She looked up quite frankly as he began to say:

“I am so sorry, Lucy, there ’s not the least bit of excuse possible, but—”

“I know, Gilbert,” she interrupted, softly, taking his hand in both her weak, little ones. “It was my fault just as much as yours; and let ’s forget all about it as quickly as we can.”

A big lump came up in Gilbert’s throat, and he was not ashamed of the mist which dimmed his eyes as he bent and kissed her fair forehead.

A few days later, he brought Dolores down in the low pony-carriage, and after that few mornings passed that the two girls did not spend together. This new friendship made Lucy very happy, and Dolores declared emphatically that Lucy Baron was the dearest girl in the whole world.

Lucy was all this while very shy of Dave, who did every imaginable thing for her comfort except the one she wanted most, and that was to make some reference to the time upon which she looked back with so much mortification and regret.

She now saw David’s manliness and nobility of character in their true light; she compared his steadfast love and faithful devotion with Gilbert’s transient admiration, and wondered continually how the latter could have seemed so precious to her even for a time.

And David, with the unaccountable blindness of even the keenest-brained men at such times, carefully avoided the most distant allusion to anything connected with those wretched weeks for fear of hurting her.

One day, however, he chanced to come in at an unexpected hour and to find her crying bitterly. He thought he knew why, and he turned to steal away. But an irresistible impulse of tenderness brought him to her side. He put his great hand gently down and stroked the pretty, soft hair which fell about her hidden face. She knew his touch, and all the long-concealed penitence in her heart burst forth.

“Oh, Dave,” she sobbed, “I ’m *so* sorry!”

And by some happy fate he knew at last that it was not for Gilbert but for himself.

THE END.

GERTRUDE HADDON.*

“ONLY A GIRL’S HEART.”--Third Series.

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

CHAPTER III.

THE ICE SHIP.

“WE are lost!” yelled one frantic voice.

“The ship has struck an iceberg and stove in her portquarter!” cried another.

“She is filling fast. She will go to the bottom in five minutes!” roared a chorus.

All this passed within hearing of our panic-stricken little heroine, who sat up in her berth listening and aghast.

Then all individual voices were drowned in a wild confusion of noises, of people rushing about the decks calling, shrieking, groaning, exclaiming, for a great number of passengers had been rudely roused by being thrown from their berths by the violence of the shock when the ship struck, and had rushed out in the extremity of terror to discover the cause of the concussion. Deception was impossible, even if it had been expedient.

The ship was totally wrecked on an island of ice, and every hope of saving her or of keeping her desperate condition concealed from the knowledge of the alarmed passengers was utterly out of the question.

The captain and the officers of the steamer had a double duty to do—to calm the excitement of the terrified crowd and to provide the means of escape from death by drowning.

Soon the tumult somewhat subsided, and above the lowered hum of voices arose the stentorian tones of Captain Knight issuing his commands to his officers and crew in a calm, prompt and perfectly self-possessed manner, and in orderly sequence.

Some men were sent to cover the hole through which the sea was coming in, with sail-cloth, to lessen, if it could not stop, the rapid flow of the water.

Other men were ordered to throw the cargo overboard to lighten the ship. Others were sent to the pumps to pump the water from the hold.

And a picked party under the first mate was charged with the duty of getting out the life-boats.

There are supreme crises in life which arouse in some souls all the sublime faith and self-sacrificing heroism of which our human nature is capable, thus rendering them victorious over all suffering, despair and even death.

Such was the effect of this sudden disaster on our Gertrude.

Rallying from the first shock, awed and calmed by the immediate presence of death, she arose and put on her clothes to go on deck.

Her soul was elevated and inspired with thoughts of life, not of death—of meeting, not of parting.

“In another hour,” she murmurs to herself—“in another hour I may be born into the purer, freer life. In another hour I may be beside my dear husband—beside him sooner than I hoped to be; nearer to him than I ever was before; nearer to him than I ever could be in this state of existence. And then I need never leave him more, but I may stay with him, an invisible guard to banish all evil, to bring all good.”

She opened the door of her stateroom, passed through the deserted cabin and up the companion-ladder to look out.

The weather was intensely, bitterly cold from the surrounding and overhanging ice, but the snow-storm had quite subsided and the sky was clear and the sea calm and the eastern horizon, both sky and sea, flushed with the near rising of the sun.

Nothing in appearance seemed to indicate the least danger.

The ship was fast on an island of ice indeed, but she stood as still as a house on land; her deck, though covered deeply with snow, was as level as a drawing-room floor.

The sea lapped quietly around her stern, while above her bows towered a precipice of ice many hundred feet higher than her mainmast head, and projecting far forward, a broad, overhanging shelf of ice, capped with snow and fringed with icicles many feet in depth.

The ship herself seemed a vessel of ice laden with snow, for not only was her deck deep in snow and glazed with ice, but every mast and timber was sheathed in ice and every cross-beam capped with snow.

The sun now suddenly sparkling up above the eastern horizon transformed this scene into one of inconceivable beauty, splendor and sublimity. His beams, darting across the sea, touched the ship and the overhanging precipice of ice, lighting them up with prismatic radiance as of millions of rainbows around a ship and island of blazing diamonds set in a sea of opals, under a sky of sapphire, in the glory of the morning, yet lightly vailed by a fine, silvery mist that softened the splendor. Never came the Angel of Death in such magnificent and beautiful array.

Standing at the head of the companion-ladder, Gertrude looked for a moment and then passed on and entered upon the turbulent and frenzied uproar of the thronged and groaning deck, where the multitude of women, girls and children were writhing, weeping and shrieking in all the terror, anguish and despair inspired by their desperate condition, her own the only patient soul and quiet face among them.

Gertrude had scarcely time to take in all the horror of this lower scene, when from the surging crowd shot Sallust Rowley, coming into violent collision with her, and exclaiming:

“Why, Gertrude! I beg your pardon! I was hurrying in search of you. You know what has happened?”

“Yes, I can see what has happened—the ship is wrecked on the ice,” she calmly replied.

“And you are not frightened?”

“No.”

“Well, you ’re a brick! But, as for me, I call it blamed mean of fortune to wreck us twice in one month—first by fire, and then by ice. But come! They are putting the women into the first life-boat. Come!” he exclaimed, seizing her hand, drawing it through his arm, and elbowing and pushing his way through the struggling crowd.

“Are there life-boats enough to save all?” inquired Gertrude, compassionately.

“No, not to save a tenth part of them,” answered Sallust.

“Oh, then, can nothing be done for all these people here?” she pleaded, looking on the terrified crowd with the deepest pity.

“Everything possible is being done for them. Every able-bodied man—captain, officers, crew and passengers—are hard at work for their deliverance. Don’t hold back, Gertrude. Push! Push as well as I do, or we shall never get through this crowd in time.”

“Oh, what are the men doing to save all these?” she persisted.

“Well, some are covering the hole with a succession of sail-cloths, to keep out as much water as possible; others are throwing the cargo overboard, to lighten her; others, again, are bailing her out with buckets; others hard at work at the pumps; all with the purpose of keeping her from sinking until they have time to launch the life-boats and construct a raft. Some of the officers and men are now engaged getting out the life-boats. But push, Gertrude. Push as well as I, or we will never get through this press in time to secure the boat,” urged Sallust, as he dragged his half-reluctant companion through the crowd to the starboard main-port.

But at that moment a prolonged huzza went up from the sailors in that quarter.

“Oh, what is that for?” eagerly inquired Gertrude, pleased to hear one sound of joy in such a scene of woe.

“That ’s for the first boat that is safely lowered and launched and gone. There! I knew we ’d be too late for the first. And now we ’ll have to wait for the second boat, and every one lessens our chance of deliverance; for if the steerage passengers should go wild and mutiny, they will seize the life-boats—blast ’em!”

“Oh, Sallust! Sallust! In a scene like this! Hush! Hush! Do not judge them prematurely. Love of life is so natural! They have the same right as others to try to save themselves and their wives and children,” said Gertrude, compassionately.

“Yes, but they can’t save themselves in that way. Where there is mutiny and violence instead of discipline and order, they are sure to overcrowd and swamp the boats and drown themselves, which would serve them right, and not be of the least consequence, if they had not deprived us of the means of safety.”

“Oh, Sallust, do not let us think so much of ourselves when there are so many others to think of!” said Gertrude, earnestly.

“There! They have got the second boat ready now. Come; we must catch her!” exclaimed Mr. Rowley, pulling his companion through the crowd, which was now somewhat thinned, to the larboard main port, where the second boat hung suspended over the side of the ship, above a roseate sea as smooth as a mirror, so that any one could perceive that there was not the slightest difficulty or danger in lowering it to the surface of the water, whatever fate or fortune should afterward attend it.

The boat was manned by the second mate with six sailors, and already well filled with women, children and some few men, but room was made for Gertrude, who was handed into a seat in the stern, and even for Sallust, when it was known that he was her only companion and escort on the voyage.

“Oh, where is Mr. Lackland, Sallust?” anxiously inquired Gertrude, as the young man took his place near her.

“He went off in the first boat. I saw him enter it, to help to work it, bless you! He is a skillful marine officer, among his other accomplishments,” answered Sallust.

“I am very glad that he is provided for. But, oh, I hope, I pray that the ship may float until they can make a raft and get everybody off her!” said Gertrude, earnestly clasping her hands.

At that moment the boat was lowered and launched, and as it put off from the side of the wreck a hearty cheer arose from the men left on deck.

“Ah! Brave souls!” thought Gertrude to herself. “Brave souls! It is too sad to hear them cheer us—cheer us, when we are leaving them on the wreck, perhaps to perish!”

And she bowed her head and covered her face with her hands, for she could not look upon those men who stood upon the deck, waving their hats and hands to the retreating boat.

The weather was, as I said before, intensely cold. The passengers had wrapped themselves in their heaviest winter garments, yet they crouched and shuddered in the biting air. They were beginning to get very hungry.

“If one could only have got a cup of tea or a mouthful of breakfast before leaving the wreck,” complained one unreasonable woman.

“I wouldn’t have minded about the breakfast, if I could only have got a cup of tea,” added another.

“There is a cask of fresh water and a bottle of spirits and some bread and canned beef on board,” said one of the sailors.

“Where are you going to take us, Mr. Raymond?” inquired Sallust Rowley, of the officer commanding the life-boat.

“We shall steer for the coast of Newfoundland, which is about two hundred miles distant, but we shall probably fall in with some ship and be picked up long before reaching land,” answered the mate.

Gertrude heard all this conversation while her head was still bowed on her knees and her face covered with her hands.

She now raised her head and looked around her.

The life-boat No. 2, with her forty passengers, was making good way over the smooth water, but the ship of ice on the island of ice was still in sight astern of them—beautiful and splendid in its sea of opal, still arched with rainbows and vailed with mists as it flashed and sparkled in the morning sun.

Boat No. 1 was far ahead of them, and almost out of sight.

“The first boat is running away from us. I think it would be so much better for the boats to keep together,” said one of the women.

“Better for us, maybe, but not for her. She is much the best boat, with the best chance of reaching land in safety, if she should not be picked up. Self-preservation is the first law of nature, and she obeys that law by running away from us!” answered one of the men at the oars.

“Hallo! What ’s that?” exclaimed Sallust Rowley, as another cheer, softened by distance, reached their ears.

“It is from the wreck, they have launched the third boat!” answered another passenger, who had raised a small spy-glass to his eye.

Gertrude shuddered with sympathy. She felt it to be too heart-rending to hear the poor men left, perhaps, to perish on the wreck, generously cheering on those who were leaving her, and seeking safety in the life-boats.

No. 2 sped on over the smooth sea.

“If the weather should continue like this for a few days longer, we shall have nothing to fear; we have only to protect ourselves against the cold as well as we can

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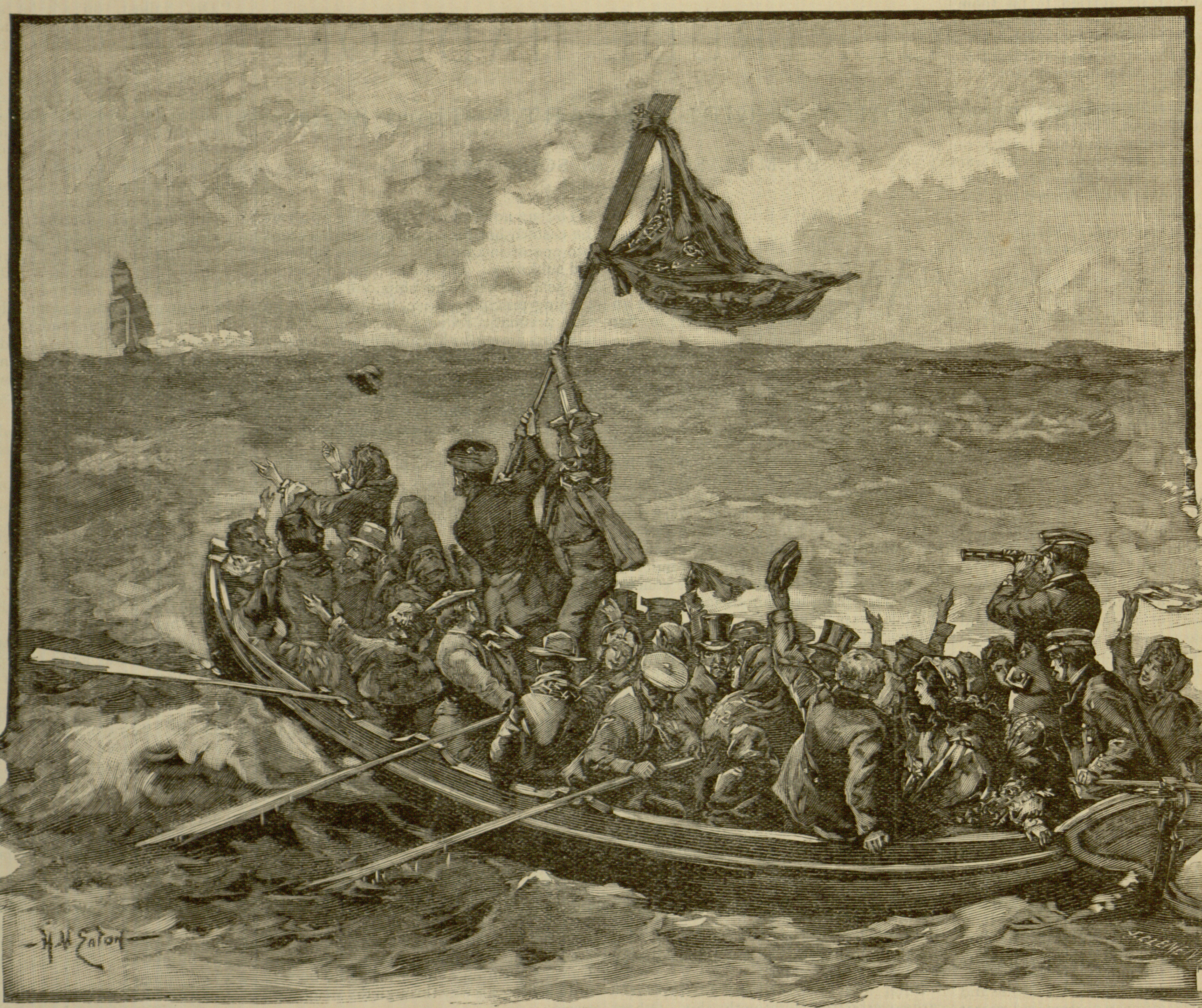

A WOMAN'S RED SHAWL WAS FASTENED TO AN OAR, WHICH WAS TAKEN BY TWO MEN, WHO HELD IT HIGH.

until we reach land, or get picked up," said Sallust Rowley, cheerfully.

Just then another hurrah sounded faintly from the direction of the ship.

"Hurrah! They have launched No. 4! There, that is the last life-boat, and now they have nothing to do but to build their raft!" exclaimed the man with the spy-glass.

Gertrude bowed her head and covered her face again, and prayed for the brave men left behind, that they might have time to build their raft before the sinking of the ship.

They had now run a long way from the wreck, which could be seen by the naked eye only as a cluster of ice, sparkling in the rays of the sun, on the extreme edge of the horizon. The last two boats, like black specks on the expanse of water, at some distance from each other, could be descried advancing toward them.

"Will they overtake us, do you think?" inquired one of the passengers of the officer in command.

"Yes and outstrip us; for they are faster boats than this."

"Is not this a good boat, then?"

"A very good and reliable boat, but slow," said Mr. Raymond.

This prediction was verified within the next hour. Boats Nos. 3 and 4 overtook them, cheered, and passed them, and in another hour were completely out of sight.

Life-boat No. 2 was alone on the sea.

The first distribution of rations now took place, and a biscuit, a morsel of beef and a small can of water was served out to each hungry individual.

At noon Mr. Raymond made a reckoning, and declared that they were within two hundred miles of the Island Cove, on the coast of Newfoundland.

At night there was a second distribution of rations, in the same proportion as at the first, and of the same materials, with the addition of a little spirits, added to the water, in the mistaken notion that it would help to keep out the cold of the coming night, to be spent in the open boat at sea.

A brilliant starlight night followed. The air, thought bitterly cold, was very calm, and the sea was very quiet. The boat, steered N. N. W., glided smoothly over the waters.

"If this weather should last, mates, we are sure to reach land all right, even if we are not picked up by some vessel sailing over this course," said one of the men at the oars.

"If we can live through these freezing nights! But I am sure my feet, in the bottom of this boat, are like rocks now! They will be hard frozen by morning," moaned a very old lady, who was seated opposite Gertrude.

"Lift them up and put them in my lap. I will wrap them in my cloak and warm them," said the latter.

"They would give you your death of cold. You might as well take two bricks of ice in your lap," said the old lady. But, nevertheless, she accepted her young neighbor's offer, and let her, with her warm vitality, restore the torpid feet to life.

There were several young children in the boat, who had really seemed to enjoy the trip rather than otherwise. They were the most warmly clothed and the best protected against the extreme cold, and soon after it had grown dark they had fallen asleep with their heads upon their mothers' knees, well covered from night sea-air by their mothers' warm shawls or cloaks.

But no one except the children slept that night.

The position was too strange, too suggestive of danger, even if not too dangerous, to permit them to sleep on this first night in the open boat at sea.

At midnight the sailors were relieved at the oars, several passengers taking their places, while Sallust Rowley volunteered to "spell" Mr. Raymond at the tiller. But even these fatigued men did not yield to sleep.

The night seemed very long, but with the exception of the intense cold it was not so bad. The starlit sky was clear and brilliant, the sea calm and smooth, and the boat glided swiftly over its surface.

In truth, never had a life-boat a more prosperous voyage. Her passengers were saved from all the horrors that usually attend such a situation. They were neither tossed with tempests nor drenched with rain, nor famished with hunger nor parched with thirst.

One old sailor said of that voyage on the life-boat "that there must have been an angel unbeknown in that boat to bring them a blessing."

On the second morning a light breeze sprang up from the northwest. The sun rose clear on a gently rippling sea and displayed to the anxious voyagers—oh, sight of joy!—a large ship, tacking and bearing down upon them from the northeast.

Their souls were thrilled with rapture and gratitude. Expressions of fervent delight and thanksgiving burst from them; and then a unanimous huzza arose from all the men.

But it was necessary to attract the attention of the ship, in case she had not already made them out.

A woman's red shawl was borrowed and fastened to the end of an oar, which was then taken by two men who stood up and held it high above their heads, as the ship bore down upon them, until at length a salvo-shot from the stranger told them that they were observed. Then the men lowered their improvised signal of distress, and, nerved by the certainty of safety, took to the oars and rowed toward the ship.

"I wonder what she is?" said two or three women in a breath.

"Don't know," answered several of the men.

"I wonder where she is going?" said the women.

"Can't tell," said the men.

"Oh, I do hope we shall be comfortable when we get on board of her. Do you think we shall, sir?" inquired the old lady of Mr. Rowley.

"Haven't an idea, ma'am. We shall see when we get there," answered Sallust.

"Let us thank Heaven for this speedy deliverance," said Gertrude in a low voice.

"Yes, dear; and as for me, I thank you, too, that my poor old feet are not frozen so hard as to require amputation—a trial to the nerves that I am sure I could not stand at my time of life. But I am only afraid that you will suffer for your kindness and get inflammation of the lungs with having had such dabs of ice against your bosom," replied the old lady, as she drew her feet from Gertrude's lap and began to rub them.

"Gertrude, dear cousin, how are you getting on anyway?" inquired Sallust, looking over his shoulder.

"Very well indeed, thanks! And you?" she asked.

"Oh, capitally! And we shall get on board that ship in good time for breakfast. Think of a cup of good hot coffee after such a day and night as we have passed!" he exclaimed.

"Sallust, we have had a blessed day and night, and we have every reason to be deeply grateful! We have not suffered at all. We have been cold in the open boat, but not enough to hurt us; and, oh, what a quick deliverance!"

"Just cold and hungry and tired enough to give us a keen sense of enjoyment in a warm cabin, a good breakfast-table and comfortable berths," said Sallust, smiling on her.

CHAPTER IV.

"GOD BLESS CAPTAIN WAILES AND THE 'BECKY.'"

The boat was now rapidly approaching the ship, which was lying to, waiting for her.

"What is she?" inquired Sallust Rowley of the world at large.

"Don't know, but she carries the stars and stripes," answered the man with the telescope, as he politely passed his instrument to the questioner, that the latter might look for himself.

"An American ship!" said a chorus of voices.

"A merchantman," added Sallust Rowley, squinting through the spy-glass.

"If she happens to be homeward bound, we shall not be so badly off, after all," observed one of the passengers.

Gertrude fervently hoped that she might be homeward bound, but said nothing.

They drew nearer and nearer the ship. They could plainly see the men standing on her deck.

In five minutes more they were almost under her bows.

The oarsmen pulled alongside the starboard gangway, where they secured the boat, while the chilled and stiffened women were helped to climb on deck.

This, always an awkward process, was made doubly difficult by the condition of the party, whose limbs were benumbed with cold and cramped by long sitting in one constrained position.

The captain, who, with several of his officers and men, stood on deck to receive the women as they were handed up one by one, welcomed them all heartily, condoled with them on their late heavy calamity, but congratulated them on their lucky escape, and cordially offered them the use of his after-cabin, with every aid and service in his power to bestow.

Gertrude, in behalf of herself and her companions, thanked the kindly sailor and accepted all his offers.

The captain then sent for the stewardess, a fat, good-natured-looking mulatto of about fifty, who came forward to take the women below and provide for their comfort.

She took them down to the cabin, which was comfortably warmed by a large iron stove, around which all the women immediately gathered to warm their chilled and benumbed limbs.

"It is a mercy that your clothes are all dry, ladies," said the stewardess, as she stirred the fire. "You couldn't have been exposed to that snowstorm day before yesterday. How long might you have been out in the open boat?"

"Just twenty-four hours, I think. We left the wreck about this hour yesterday morning," answered Gertrude, for the party.

"Dear me! And how did it all happen, honey?"

"Our ship, the *Zanzibar*, from Southampton to New York, struck an iceberg."

"Lor' bless us! So many ships be wrecked that way! I 'most swear, every time I get to port, that I never will trust myself on shipboard again. But I have been so long with Captain Wailes and the *Becky* that I do suppose I shall end my days here."

"'Captain Wailes and the *Becky?*'" echoed Gertrude, anxious to know all about the destination of the ship with which her fortunes were linked for the present.

"Yes, honey—Captain Wailes and the *Becky*. The *Becky*, of Baltimore, though him and me and the two mates and the cook and a good part of the crew be from the neighborhood of Charlotte Hall, St. Mary's County, Maryland. And most of us have sailed along of Captain Wailes for twenty year or more. Me and my husband—he 's the ship's cook—have sailed with him for twenty-two years. Just you think, honey, of sailing in the same ship with the same mates and pretty much the same crew for so many years! Don't you think it just miraculous?"

"I know very little about sea-life; but in land-life I know it is common to live in the same house, with the same family and the same servants, for many years at a time," said Gertrude.

"Lor' bless you, honey, it is very different with a ship that changes its crew with every voyage. But the *Becky* is a notable exception to all rules. First place, it is perfectly wonderful any ship should 'a' kept afloat so many years without an accident, and that the ship's company should 'a' kept together all this time is more so; and altogether it is just miraculous."

"How do you account for it?" inquired Gertrude.

"Why, honey, it is just because we all love Captain Wailes so well we won't leave him. Why, there is the first mate, Mr. Burroughs, and the second mate, Mr. Estep—they have both been offered the command of merchant-ships time and again—there was temptation!—and they refused—they refused them! There was fye-dility! Why, child, what do you think the officers and crew of the *Becky* did once?"

"What did they do?"

"It was about two years ago last winter, and the *Becky* was at Canton. And when Christmas came around, I 'm blessed if them fellows didn't combine to present Captain Wailes with the completest and beautifulest set of chiny you ever beheld! There was a full breakfast-set, dinner-set, tea-set, and toilet-set, too, if you will believe me! There were three hundred and thirty-three pieces in all! And every single cup and saucer, dish and plate and bowl and basin, had burned into it, in red letters: '*God bless Captain Wailes and the Becky*.' What do you think of that now?" triumphantly inquired the stewardess.

"They must have loved and honored their captain very much," said Gertrude, smiling.

"Three hundred and thirty-three blessings, burnt in red letters on the finest chiny!" added the stewardess, exultingly.

Then, seeing that the women around the fire were growing restless, she said:

"And now, ladies, if you would like to go to your staterooms, to take a good wash-off, I 'll wait on you."

The women all arose to follow her.

The cabin was a very comfortable one, though quite plainly fitted up.

It was provided with twelve staterooms, six being on each side. Each stateroom was furnished with two berths, a wash-stand and a chair. There were eleven ladies and nine children to be accommodated.

When these were all quartered in their places, the good-natured stewardess said to Gertrude:

"Now, my dear, *you* are to have a stateroom to yourself, as you seem to be the only lady as hasn't got some un hanging on to her."

"But if any of the other ladies are crowded, I can easily take some one in with me," answered Gertrude.

"They ain't crowded, honey, besides which, none of 'em wants their party to be separated; no, not after sich an adventer as they had yesterday on the ice. You must tell me all about it, honey, soon as we get settled," said the woman.

"I will, with great pleasure, for, oh, how thankful I am that we fell in with your ship!" replied Gertrude, as she entered the stateroom pointed out to her by the stewardess, and closed the door.

The first thing Gertrude did in the solitude of her own room was to kneel beside her berth and return thanks to Heaven for their great deliverance.

Then she arose to undress and take a good wash.

She felt perfectly contented with her situation. She heard the good stewardess say that the *Becky* was from Baltimore. She knew that when the life-boat fell in with the ship, the latter was first seen off to the northeast, and was steering in a southwesterly direction, the direction she would have taken to Baltimore, and she judged that the *Becky* was homeward-bound, and she rejoiced in the thought that her meeting with her husband could not long be delayed.

How bitterly the poor child was mistaken remains to be seen.

While the women of the party were made comfortable by the stewardess, the men received the ministrations of the captain and his mates.

By the time the women had refreshed themselves with a partial bath and hair-dressing and returned to the cabin, a man put his head in at the top of the companion-stairs and notified them that breakfast was ready in the main cabin.

The weary women, longing for their comforting cups of tea or coffee, moved as promptly as their still stiffened limbs would let them and went up.

At the head of the companion-ladder they were met by the captain of the ship and some of the men of their own party.

"Give me your hand, my dear, to steady you," said the captain, speaking to Gertrude as if she were the child he supposed her to be.

"I thank you, sir," she replied as she accepted his offered aid.

"Now tell me your name, my dear, that I may know what to call you," he said as he drew her hand within his arm and with a fatherly tenderness supported her steps along the rolling deck to the after cabin.

"My name is Mrs. Gerald Fitzgerald."

The captain stopped and looked at her in amazement for a moment, and then said with comic gravity:

"Now let me introduce myself: My name is George Wailes, master of the *Becky*; and we are both at your service."

"Thanks! Yes, I know. '*God bless Captain Wailes and the Becky!*'" said the little lady, her brown eyes twinkling.

The good captain burst into so loud a laugh that he attracted the attention of all his companions, who look around to see what was the matter.

"*That* was some of Kitty Barber, my worthy stewardess's, gossip," said the captain, as he led his young companion into the main cabin and placed her in her seat.

The captain took the head of the table and the first mate the foot. On each side sat the men and women rescued from the life-boat, and also about half a dozen other men. There seemed to be no women except those of our party.

"Yes," said the captain, in answer to some observation made on this subject, "we used to have a great many passengers, both ladies and gentlemen, until the steamships broke up our trade in that line. Now we only have a few merchants or missionaries, and never any ladies, except by such a chance as this."

The breakfast, of fragrant Mocha coffee, black and green tea, delicate rolls, richly-flavored ham, broiled chickens and Dundee marmalade, was altogether delicious, and was greatly enjoyed by the hungry refugees from the life-boat.

"How soon do you expect to get into port, Captain Wailes?" inquired Gertrude, in the first pause of the feeding. "Do you think you will be in within ten days?"

"'Within ten days!' Why, my dear madam, where do you think we are bound?" exclaimed the captain in surprise.

"Homeward! To Baltimore, of course," answered Gertrude, uneasily.

"We are bound to San Francisco by way of Cape Horn."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT—NO. 34.]

GIRLS OF A FEATHER.*

A NEW YORK STORY.

BY AMELIA E. BARR,

Author of "The Beads of Tasmer," "The Mate of the 'Easter Bell,'"
"Jan Vedder's Wife," "Friend Olivia," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

"WHO IS ST. ANGE?"

> "Still from the fount of Joy's delicious spring
> Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling venom flings."
>
> "Man's love is of a man's life a thing apart;
> It is a woman's whole existence."
>
> "All who joy would win, must share it;
> Happiness was born a twin."

THE means by which Ambrosia obtained her desire were not as evident as they appeared to be; and she would have been extremely mortified had she really been aware how little her success was due to her personal influence. Robert Carter had left his hysterical wife with a firm determination not to yield to her demand. He did not wish to go to Newport; it was too far away from his work; it was too gay to promise him any rest; it was an extravagance he was not inclined to sanction.

But what is a resolve when circumstances unlooked-for work against it? Within an hour after leaving Ambrosia he was visited by a wealthy patient who was going abroad for three months.

"And there is my house at Newport," he said, "if you care to occupy it, doctor. It is in perfect order, and the servants will remain. Go there from the middle of June until the middle of September. It will do you good, and I dare say we can easily balance accounts."

The offer was both a compliment and a bargain, and Doctor Carter accepted it. But when he told Ambrosia that he had rented the Van Super cottage, its horses, carriages and servants, he did not think it necessary to state the particulars of the transaction. So Ambrosia was certain that her charms and personal power had obtained her this glory; and Robert did not undeceive her. Life, he thought, would doubtless afford him plenty of opportunities to demonstrate to his wife how insensible he could make himself to a passion as familiar as hysteria. The present case could go unchallenged.

The whole position was a mistake. It looked a small and natural one, but it had unapprehended proportions. It was a mistake to permit Ambrosia to suppose an unreasonable exhibition of excited feeling had induced her husband to submit to an unreasonable request. It was a mistake not to acquaint Ambrosia with the financial and friendly advantages which had induced the change of views. He had really accepted Newport to gratify his friend and patient more than to please his wife; but Ambrosia regarded the concession as a victory; and though she took her honors modestly, she had all the obvious condescensions and reservations of abstinent power.

This tacit deception awakened for the first time in the doctor's mind a cynical if not a contemptuous acceptance of his wife's efforts to please him. Ambrosia had a genuine pleasure in his supposed submission to her desires. She endeavored to show this pleasure in every womanly way known to her. She was witty and pretty and conciliating and altogether charming. She did everything that could make her husband understand that she was grateful for the Newport concession. And Robert, almost unconsciously, had the feeling of a man who has paid a price for his wife's smiles and affection. He watched her and listened to her, and was cynical and critical.

She was enchanting, not because she loved him, but because he was going to pay her with Newport. The small, beautiful deceptions which love glorifies no longer led him a willing captive. He found himself considering his wife and her ways as a philosopher might investigate a subject full of interesting contradictions. He began to understand why men shrugged their shoulders with a "can't-be-helped" kind of tolerance at the mention of wives or women. A comic paper that he had always tossed contemptuously aside had now a meaning to him. He looked at its domestic pictures, and was not astounded at its great success any longer. He saw that they spoke for the married men of the community in that half-serious and half-comical vein which was the only possible protest against beings so much loved and so much disapproved.

But it was all a mistake. When a wife sinks to this level, she has fallen indeed. Ambrosia's beauty and charm were great, and she still held her husband by her personality; but that sweet bond which should have made them one in all matters of business, which should have made Ambrosia sympathize with her husband's labors and studies, which should have made them equally interested in their home and all its domestic details—that sweet bond was slipped and loosened. And Ambrosia knew it not.

There is a certain fillip to life in all changes, and at first Robert Carter was interested by his new surroundings. No human being is without tidal fluctuations of some kind, and these in the doctor's nature set in the direction of a purely physical delight in drifting and resting. He permitted himself to escape, to flutter away, in that delicious torpor to which the sea disposes. He went into New York once a week, and looked at his letters, and left Doctor St. Ange to look after any stray patient there might be. And he had several of those foolish moods, in which men are under a passing influence and disposed to contradict their deepest inclinations. He was living a life new to him, and he was for a moment, now and then, disposed to think it was the best life possible. The wisest men make such admissions one hour, only to deny them the next. For a great deal of what is called truth is truth relatively to time, place and person; it may be true for one person and not true for another person; true for one place and not true for another place; true at one time and not true at another time. In a month what had seemed so charming, so restful, lost all its charm and rest, and the doctor was ready to deny what he had averred a week previously. He had been weary; he was now refreshed. The arrears of nature were paid up, he was physically restored, and his mental energy returned.

Then both the semi-torpor and the social life displeased him. His heart turned to his work. Riding, driving, dressing, dining, sailing, all alike were distasteful. Ambrosia had little time to give him; her blandishments were mainly used to induce him to be her escort to one house or another; her dresses and her callers used every moment. She had really to economize her time to portion it out in hours and minutes and divide them among yachters and tennis-players and dinner-givers. She was unwittingly serving a term at fashionable hard labor, and if she had been forced by necessity to work as constantly for her daily bread, she would have died in making her living.

A very short time sufficed to reveal this life in all its barbarous baldness to Robert Carter. Its noise and glitter and surface refinement were at once complete and unendurable. He was too active a man to philosophize about the things that did not please him, and too aware of the value of his own labors, to spend his days in speculating on the various ways in which various people think life worth living. He felt only that he must go back to his study and laboratory.

But he said nothing of this determination. He had come to the conclusion that it was better to avoid discussion with Ambrosia; their angles got into each other's way and provoked friction. And then with all his will he was no match for a lovely woman selfishly resolved to have whatever gave her honor or pleasure. For there is a wonderful power in pure, unadulterated selfishness; it has a bull-dog grip, when it fastens on any person or thing. Doctor Carter had come naturally enough to marital tactics when he determined one day to remain in New York and send Doctor St. Ange to Newport.

He went first to Tiffany's and bought an extravagant ring as a peace-offering. St. Ange received it in charge with a letter explaining the dreadful condition of his business; the urgent need there was for his presence in the city; his disconsolate condition without his "dear, lovely wife;" and

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his promise to be in Newport the following Saturday. He only partially succeeded in satisfying Ambrosia. She passed intervals all the evening in holding up her hand and delighting her eyes with the sparkle of the gems and the beauty of the goldsmith's work, but she was not a woman to find gems an equivalent for love. Robert's desertion, though well accounted for, was something of a shock. It made her thoughtful, and she remained at home and wrote a long and loving letter to her husband.

She also wrote confidentially to Clara. If the doctor was to be mostly in New York, and St. Ange was to be much in Newport, she felt she ought to have some companion; and who could be more desirable every way than her stepmother? And doubtless she was very much in earnest and used potent arguments, for Clara answered her request in less than a week. The women loved each other. They met with that silent embrace that means so much, and that night St. Ange was at perfect liberty. He had neither to escort Ambrosia abroad nor to accompany her music nor to write her notes of invitation nor to make out lists of duties for the following day. He was rather glad of this pause in events. The advent of a friend so clear-eyed and self-contained as Clara was a complication he did not like.

It was a dull, warm languid night, and Clara and Ambrosia sat just within the long open windows looking out into the dark garden. At the end of the garden was the sea. They could hear its long, mournful roll, and the sense of its gray vastness invaded the room in which they were sitting, thoughtful, silent and sympathetic. But at length Ambrosia began to talk—to talk of things having little interest for her, as was evident by the monotony of her voice.

“You have your father with you now, I hear, Clara. How glad you must be!”

“I am glad. And he is so much better in health. I could not else have left the farm.”

“I have longed often to come to Mayberry and see you and him, but I have had so many hindrances and troubles.”

“All women have the same lament, Amber. When did you hear from Bessie?”

“A week ago. Bessie is so fond of telling the world all about herself that she is a good correspondent. They were at Ambleside ‘doing the English lake district.’ You know about the Texan Madisons I suppose?”

“Yes. She is to marry the eldest, I hear.”

“If you had not heard, it would have been the marvel. She tells every one ‘her romance.’ The youngest brother has just been married to a very rich girl, and they, too, are in Ambleside; also the only sister of the family, Miss Louisa Madison. Can you not imagine Bessie the active center of this family group? However, I care nothing about the Texans if they do not get Will Carter within their influence.”

“Is Will going to Ambleside?”

“Yes. I was such a fool as to tell Bessie his route. I wanted Will to know Bessie, but I did not want Will to meet Louisa Madison; and I know how readily Americans abroad get sentimental with other Americans abroad; and Bessie told me that Louisa was very beautiful. The first woman who pays Will Carter any attention will win him. It is my opinion Bessie will try to make a marriage between Will and her Cousin Louisa.”

“I dare say she is thinking only of her own marriage.”

“I know the probabilities and the possibilities, Clara; the lovely scenery, the beautiful twilights embalmed in jessamine, the moonlight nights by the lake shore, all the exquisite backgrounds close at hand. And Bessie transacts her love-making by United States mail at present. Also, she will be invulnerably cold to all lovers on her own account; and, therefore, she will be certain to meddle with some other person's destiny.”

“But why Will Carter's? They will have many other friends and companions.”

“Bessie will specially enjoy meddling with my friends. She said to me one day: ‘You really ought to get Will Carter married, Amber. Both the brothers Carter are an unjustifiable proportion of good luck for one girl.’ And I made a little boast—as any woman would—of Will's devotion to me as his sister; and then Bessie laughed a little. At that moment, I felt a presentiment of defeat in some way, and now I am sure of it. I had just been telling her about Will's intended trip, and hoping they would see each other in England, and so on, when she made the remark. I feel certain now, that at that moment she planned the meeting between Will and Louisa, and the family party at the Salutation Inn, Ambleside.”

“And you think the result will be—”

“A marriage at Grace Church before Christmas. But I shall feel awfully poor and lonely without Will. I wish I had made more of him. I wish I had asked him to stay with me this summer. Will has been a brother to me in every possible way.”

“Have you heard lately from Tom?”

“I dread to see his letters. He is still in Chicago—going from bad to worse.”

“What is he doing?”

“Playing billiards. I do not know of anything else. Robert is always cross when he sees his letters in the mail; but then, Robert is often cross about very little.”

This was the subject to which both women had been tending in their hearts, and the other conversation was merely a way leading up to it—a womanly way, vailed and indirect. Two men would have lit their cigars and plunged at once into the matter of anxiety. Even now, Clara hesitated ere she said, calmly:

“Robert has so much to think about and to do. No wonder he is nervous.”

“He is not nervous. He is cross. He is fonder of his studies than he is of me. He would rather be in his laboratory than in his home.”

“That is a serious charge; and I think you are mistaken, Amber.”

“He came here for three months; he was restless in three weeks. In a month, he has really deserted me.”

“Do not say such a thing, Amber. A man is compelled to attend to his business. Bankers, merchants, lawyers, doctors cannot take the seasons into consideration. Why, even some clergymen attend to their churches in the summer.”

“If it was his patients, I would not mind so much; but his patients are rich people, and they are at their country homes or at Bar Harbor or in Europe or out at sea, yachting. It is simple study, trying to find out things, and writing, writing, writing! He is not even making money.”

“My dear, he is making fame.”

“‘Fame!’ What good is fame? No man is great in America until he dies. While he is alive all men speak ill of him. And even when he is dead, what has he but a name? Ten letters is all our great Washington possesses.”

“Doctor Carter has a nobler fame in view than any warrior deserves. He is working to preserve life, to avert suffering, to cure disease by discovering its cause.”

“And who will give him ‘thank you’ for his labor? It is now the cheap and frugal fashion rather to hide or deny the obligation than to pay for it even by decent gratitude. And if Robert has a right to sacrifice himself, he has no right to offer me up also to the general good. I want to be loved. I do not want to be the wife of the great Doctor Carter.”

“My dear Amber, you are in a very critical position. From just where you stand you can either make yourself a happy and honored woman or you can wreck two lives.”

“I think it is a shame—”

“For once you must listen to me. It is your vanity as much as your love that is wounded. You knew when you married Robert how devoted he was to the science of medicine. You said then you were proud of his reputation and loved him for it. He believed you and has acted upon your words.”

“People say things before they are married they do not really mean. Every one does. I thought I could make Robert devote himself entirely to me.”

“And give up his profession altogether?”

“No—not exactly that. I do not mind him attending to his patients. They pay him for his time.”

“I am afraid you are selfish, Amber. Suppose he said to you: ‘I am quite willing you should have a splendid home and even occasionally entertain your friends in it, but I am not willing to have you go to the houses and entertainments of other people. You are my wife, and you ought to be satisfied with my society.’”

“That is a different thing.”

“Not at all. The private pleasure of your home does not satisfy you. You wish also to exhibit your husband, your beauty and your rich costumes in other houses. The doctor's patients do not satisfy his thirst for medical knowledge. He wishes to investigate, to learn, to show himself in unknown departments of his profession. You ought to give as well as take a certain amount of freedom. If you would keep a man at your side, give him full liberty to roam. He will not then go beyond your influence.”

“It is so easy to give good advice; and then there is this Doctor St. Ange.”

“Yes—I see. Who is Doctor St. Ange?”

“He says he comes from New Orleans. He is Robert's assistant in surgical and laboratory work. Do you like him?”

“I think not. Why is he here?”

“He comes to see if I require anything; to escort me to any entertainment; to drive or sail with me; to ‘take Will's place,’ as Robert says. He is not always here, but a three weeks' vacation in Newport is promised him, so I thought it best to have you at my side. The man is undoubtedly handsome; and people imagine things and then tell their own imaginations.”

“Charity thinketh no evil, Amber.”

“The world thinks nothing else but evil. And we have to live in the world. One thing I notice about St. Ange—he gets such queer-looking letters. I mean untidy, careless letters, on poor paper. I wonder who his friends are.”

“They may be dunning letters. I believe it is considered vulgar not to be in debt.”

“Yes—and no. They are in a woman's writing. Robert says we have nothing to do with his letters; but I am sure that the letters a man receives are quite as significant of his real character as those he writes. However, he is very handsome and elegant and a great favorite wherever he has been introduced. Mrs. Brandan says the girls rave about his beauty and his skill at tennis. He can handle a bat or an oar, and he can lead the german, and he plays the violin very well. Robert says he catches an idea as quickly as it is broached; and yet the man is vulgar; he is not refined clean through, as Will Carter is. But you will observe, Clara, and I am sure you will find out, what I cannot find words of the right degree to explain.”

“It is nearing midnight, also; and the day being finished, there is no medicine for it. To-morrow will bring its own opportunities.”

CHAPTER XIV.

“IF WILL WERE ONLY HERE!”

> To love and at the same time to be wise,
> Is scarcely granted even to a god.
> —*Publius Syrus.*
>
> Love, thou knowest, is full of jealousy.
> —*Shakespeare.*
>
> How poor are they that have not patience!
> —*Shakespeare.*

Everything has a good and a bad side, and Clara's visit was no exception to this general rule. It was a good thing, inasmuch as it placed the shield of impeccable propriety between Ambrosia and a world which is nothing at all if not vigilantly censorious. It was a bad thing, inasmuch as it gave Robert's conscience a comfortable excuse for longer delays in New York than he might otherwise have taken.

In the meantime, St. Ange was making for himself an enviable position. “Doctor Carter's assistant” had, to begin with, a professional respect, which naturally implied a certain social standing, and made an irreproachable foundation for the personal influence of the young man. This was soon very pronounced. The married ladies thought him so distinguished-looking and so obliging. The girls adored his beauty and grace, his skill in all games, in music and in dancing. And he had the faculty of making each separate girl believe herself to be the sole object of his adoration. Certainly Doctor St. Ange was “the favorite” of the season; and Ambrosia watched his tactics and his successes with an interest singularly compounded of complaisance and contempt.

She could no longer complain of the character of his letters, which were now a numerous assortment of pale-tinted notes, delicately monogramed and sealed with pretty devices. It was a sight to watch the reception of these perfumed precursors of dances, dinners and flirtations, to watch his ruthless-looking hands slowly cutting open the dainty envelopes with a silver paper-knife; his smiles full of ineffable conceit; his little shrugs and deprecations; his soft sighs of relief and the air of superior satisfaction with which he turned to his breakfast when the trial was over.

But in spite of his many triumphs, he knew that he had failed in interesting Ambrosia, and for this reason they were paltry in his sight. Sometimes he thought she actually detested him. At other times, his vanity led him to believe that her heart was really his, that she was enduring a great struggle, but would finally lose the battle. This idea, nursed by his inordinate self-estimation and by daily little unavoidable circumstances, took possession of him. He permitted it, consciously enough, to color all his actions; and in this undefinable way Newport society received the impression that Doctor Carter and his wife were not sympathetic. If Clara had not been so constantly with her stepdaughter, it would probably have received the next impression that Doctor St. Ange and Mrs. Carter were sympathetic.

There could have been no falser one. But Ambrosia was not happy, and she daily grew more weary of the monotony of a life of so-called “pleasure.” If her husband had been constantly with her, she might have disagreed with him and felt him often to be tiresome and unkind; but life would have had a zest and savor it totally wanted without him. She had, one morning, a feeling of shock when she remembered how seldom and how short had been his late visits.

And society, even in its best phase, had not turned out to be the satisfactory thing she had anticipated. There were many women in it willing to sacrifice far more than she was, and consequently she gave too much and too little, and got hardly any of the returns desired. She thought of her own handsome house and the delightful days and evenings she had spent in it. She thought of her husband, his nobility of person and mind, and set over against his image that of St. Ange, as she had just seen him, sighing and sipping his coffee and speaking softly with a delicious self-conceit of “my own fatal beauty.”

Suddenly she resolved to return to New York. She wanted to see her husband.

“And I will tell Robert,” she thought, “that Clara wants to go back to Mayberry, and that I will not be left here with St. Ange. I will tell him that I want my home—yes, that I want to be with him. After all there is no company like Robert's. Even when he is thinking and silent what quick, loving glances he has given me!”

Clara approved her resolution.

“You must resign this house in two weeks,” she said, “and two weeks may be of the greatest importance. So much can be lost or gained in two weeks. Go back to New York, and I will attend to all that is to be packed and put in order.”

So Ambrosia kissed her friend and left Newport, being more willing to do so than she had been glad and happy to come to it.

She was delighted to see her own house, but its desolate appearance reproached her. It was September, and the housekeeper ought to have had it opened and at least partially in order. She rang the bell with some anger, and was soon confronted with her belated servant. She fancied she was insolently indifferent. She was made to feel that her unlooked-for return before the time specified was an intrusion. And though Robert was delighted at this intrusion, she thought he was not angry enough in her anger, that he deprecated any great displeasure and was a trifle annoyed at Ambrosia's complaints.

“Mrs. Ryan did not expect you for two weeks, my dear,” he said. “You must make some allowance. Let us forget Mrs. Ryan and the neglected house. You must have some new songs or some news that I should like to hear. What are they doing now in Newport?”

“Chiefly admiring your favorite St. Ange.”

“Is that really so? And how does he take the adulation?”

“He laments with a delightful conceit his unintentional fascination and his ‘too fatal beauty.’”

“He told me he was quite an authority there.”

“My dear Robert, until St. Ange has given his ten-cent utterance about any entertainment, it is thought presumptuous for inferior tastes to offer an opinion. And he takes himself so seriously. It is all very amusing, if it were not so monotonous.”

“At any rate, he is a perfectly safe man among ladies, and I suppose they feel it. I do not think St. Ange has a single vice. And I never heard any one express more lofty sentiments about women.”

“A modest vice might be better than so much virtue. St. Ange is always beating the tom-toms of his own conceited excellence. Did you know he writes poetry? A scientist and surgeon writing poetry!”

“Why not? Have you seen any of it?”

“You may find him aiding the forlorn muse of the magazines in ‘Laments’ and ‘Voices Out of the Darkness’ and so on. He writes ‘lyrics’ also, and the girls sing them. I wish you could hear the singing, especially when he ‘assists.’ It is delicious.”

“He never told me he was a writer.”

“My dear Robert, every other person is a writer. It is the fashion to wear our hearts on our sleeves and ask a small fee for their inspection. I know lots of women who, when they are aweary, write down their feelings and exchange them for a little base coin.”

“Really?”

“Really. This is the age of confessions. No matter how sorry a figure the inner man and woman make, they must have their little exhibition.”

“And you, Amber?”

"I make my little exhibitions to you, dearest."

And this was a confession so charming, given with so much *naïveté* and such eloquent glances, that Robert Carter was delighted to receive it. He felt at that hour only the invincible captivations of his wife, and her very imperfections seemed a part of them.

It is not often that events come up to our expectations; but Ambrosia was satisfied with the result of her unexpected move. The next few days she was busily engaged in the ordering of her house, and during this time she had a unique and very novel pleasure—she had her husband entirely to herself. They were quite alone for the first time since they had commenced housekeeping. It was like a second honeymoon. The trouble is that human nature can not long keep up to its highest points under any emotion; and that custom dulls the sweetest joy. Ambrosia noticed the slight subsidence in her husband's feeling, before she herself was conscious of the least.

One morning, a week after her return, Robert, in leaving the house, said to the housekeeper:

"Mrs. Ryan, tell Meta not to come to the office to-day."

Ambrosia, who had just opened the door in order to go upstairs and make a street-toilet, heard the words distinctly. She thought there was something less formal in the tone than a mere order to a domestic warranted. And who was Meta? No servant of that name was in her employ. Yet Robert spoke as if "Meta" were a regular member of the household.

She was annoyed and troubled by the circumstance and she sat down again to think it over. Her first natural thought was to ring for Mrs. Ryan and ask her about "Meta." She put it aside immediately. The question would show a servant that Doctor Carter did not altogether rely on his wife. She could not endure the humiliation of such a position. It would be best to ask her husband for the information, and she resolved to do so that very evening.

But she fell into the snare of her sex's weakness, and instead of a plain direct question, she went on her search by devious ways. She asked if he had been informed of the changes during the summer; if there had been any trouble among the girls, etc., etc. She tried to get under and around the person called Meta without the slightest effort. The doctor answered her questions with precisely the air of an innocent and non-interested man.

The shadowy Meta troubled the peace of the evening. Ambrosia had a feeling of resentment. She had "led up" to a point so frequently, where the doctor must have remembered Meta, and yet he gave no information about her. The circumstance depressed her. She could not talk or sing or rise to any level from which it was possible to command her husband's sole attention. He finally took a book and began to read and make notes, and Ambrosia sank down among the satin cushions of the sofa and pretended to go to sleep.

In the morning there was the same politeness, the same inertia, the same broken sympathy. The doctor thought his wife was in one of her disagreeable moods. He advised her to take a certain medicine and kissed her with the air of a man who is at once tolerant and grieved. Ambrosia thought her husband was deceiving her. He knew something about a person called Meta, and he had not told her, though she had exhausted confidence, so far as her own affairs were concerned. And as she truly loved him, she was wounded by his thoughtlessness—if it was not something worse than thoughtlessness.

As the doctor left the house, she walked to a window looking on to the side-street, and from which point it was possible, by an effort, to see the door of the office and laboratory. It was almost an instinct to watch him thus far; she had done so ever since they were married. Her eyes fell instantly on a young woman, and the conviction jumped to her heart that the young woman was Meta. The doctor was close behind her. Ambrosia watched them breathlessly. The doctor walked with his usual firm, rapid tread. The girl slightly loitered. Just before the office was reached they met. The doctor had the key in his hand, but the door was already open, and they went in together.

Then Ambrosia felt as if there was a fire in her heart. She could not breathe freely; a strong hand grasped her by the throat. The hysterical symptoms, so often encouraged, advanced now without invitation and without welcome. She stood still resolutely and arrested her soul and bade it be strong. Though but blindly and falteringly, she yet forced her feet to carry her to the medicine appointed for such a crisis, for she was resolved to conquer the weakness by which she was assailed. A long time she was on the verge of defeat, but finally she fell into a deep sleep.

It lasted some hours, and when it was over she found it had "brought healing on its wings." She was able to think. She was able to feel, not in one overwhelming wave of confused emotion, but in distinct lines. She looked at the circumstance in every light and every likelihood, and excuse was overthrown by the fact that Robert had not told her. At length she determined to go to the laboratory. She glanced at a timepiece. The hours for patients were long over. The office would doubtless be cleaned and locked. If Meta was a patient, she would not be there. But if she had any other business with the doctor, she would be in the laboratory, which was situated above the office.

In the early days of their married life, Robert had given her a key of these rooms, and she had often gone there an hour before dark and persuaded him to ride or walk with her. But she found at last that the smell of the gases and chemicals made her sick; and the doctor had promised to reverse the order and come for her. He did so for a little time, and then the custom, for various reasons, fell into disuse, as all over-drafts upon affection must surely do.

She looked now for the forgotten key, and found it in the top drawer among the soiled gloves and odds and ends of lace and ribbons, broken fans and crumpled programmes that are usually the contents of that receptacle. Then she dressed herself with a tasteful attention. She had no plan beyond this invasion of her husband's sanctum and her own beautiful toilet. But she had a great faith in her personal influence and a great confidence in beauty adorned as its most effective ally.

It was a lovely evening, and she assured herself that Robert would think her idea of a stroll before dinner a good one. With a good deal of affected confidence, she turned the corner, and went to the office-door. It was open. She needed not to have looked for the key. The reception-room and the doctor's office had been put in order, and the woman who attended to this business had gone away. Then she went upstairs. There was a small room at the head of the stairs, and a boy looked out of it. Ambrosia did not know him. He was washing bottles and other glass vessels, and he wore a black apron.

Ambrosia asked him if Doctor Carter was in the laboratory, and with a touch of pride said she was Mrs. Carter. The boy answered: "The doctor is all right. He is in the big room;" and then he screwed his mouth to one side and looked at Ambrosia, as if he thought she was taking Mrs. Carter's name in vain. She did not see the look, and the next moment she had opened the door of the big room.

The scene in its most trifling details was instantly photographed on her vision and memory. Doctor Carter was standing with his back to the door, talking in a low, monotonous voice. Meta was sitting at a table, writing down in stenographic signs the matter of his talk; and Doctor St. Ange, with his sleeves rolled up to his elbows, was putting something strange into a chemical bath. Ambrosia looked steadily at Meta for a moment. The girl was beautiful, and she took the look with the uttermost unconcern. Then Ambrosia spoke to her husband in a charming tone, and the doctor turned slowly round and seemed for a moment dazed by the interruption. He had to make an effort to change the scientist into the husband; but he made it with a grand condescension, and then instantly dismissed his assistants, but St. Ange managed to drive home to Ambrosia's heart, with a single pitying look, a suspicion cruel as death.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT—NO. 34.]

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WISDOM IN CHUNKS.

—A transition from an author's book to his conversation is too often like an entrance into a large city after a distant prospect.

—Very few can reach deep into their own minds without meeting what they wish to hide from themselves.

—Wisdom and virtue are by no means sufficient without the supplemental laws of good breeding.

—As good things become evil by excess, correction, by being immoderate, may become cruel.

—There is nothing which human courage will not undertake.

—The wealth of credulity is an open prey to falsehood.

—It is the task of criticism to establish principles.

—Sickness shows us the value of ease.

THE CONVICT SHIP.*

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL,

Author of "Wreck of the Grosvenor," "Jack's Courtship," "Marooned," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIX.

SHE IS ALARMED BY WHAT IS SAID BY THE OFFICERS.

THE convict ship *Childe Harold* drove steadily down the North Atlantic with the tradewind, and then losing those prosperous gales something north of the equator, crept stealthily through a wide, white gleaming zone of calms, blurred with fainting catspaws as a mirror is dimmed by the breath. No incident of any sort broke the profound monotony of the routine of shipboard life. Captain Barrett and the subaltern killed the time by firing at a mark with pistols, by cards, chess, deck quoits, fishing for sharks and the like. Their duties were trifling. The sergeant of the guard seemed to do all the work. The discipline of the sea had the regularity of the tick of a clock. Sights were punctually taken, the log hove, the watch relieved—so it went on. The crew came and went to the sound of Balls's pipe or to the warning voice of the officer of the watch.

I was now looking very close into the sea life, and was of opinion that it was a sickening, tedious calling. The atmosphere of romance which had colored my early thoughts of it, got from my father's and his friends' merry or wild or exciting yarns, had perished out of my mind long before we were up with the equator, as the term is. The captain was burdened with enormous responsibilities. The safety of a large, valuable ship freighted with human lives was dependent upon him, and his pay was perhaps less than the wages of a head-waiter of a city tavern. The mates were at the mercy of the captain, who could break them if he chose, send them forward to do common sailor's work and ruin them. They lived without friendship. One was superior to the other. The captain addressed them only on matters of ship work and talked familiarly with nobody but the doctor and military officers. There were three mates. Two of them led lives as lonely as the ship's figure-head; the third, who was a person of no consequence, would carry his pipe into the boatswain's or apprentices' berth and so kill time for himself.

I had not guessed that this was the life of the deep when I used to listen to the ocean talk of my father's friends at Stepney or view the ships in the Thames, and create a fairy sea with rich skies and spicy breezes for them to sail over. It was my acquaintance, however, with the forecastle side of the life that completely ruined my idealism. I could not wonder that sailors should be the mutinous and growling dogs that they are represented when I peeped into the forecastle and smelt the smells and blinked at the gloom and beheld the damp and the dirt, the half-clad figures of men who had shipped without a shift of clothes and whose wage would not bring them within hail of the slop chest; when I saw the lumps of green pork or blue and iron beef carried from the galley into the forecastle along with the slush-thick pea-soup or the dingy, bolster-hard duff at which any famished mongrel of the London streets might hiccough.

"Is it the same everywhere at sea?" I once asked Will.

"No," he answered, "the crew are well fed and well treated aboard us—comparatively speaking," he added, with a grin.

"And do you like the life?" said I.

"The country must have sailors, young woman."

"I would rather be a convict," said I.

"Yet it was was not always thus, you know, my pretty Mary Jane," he exclaimed, singing. "When Butler was a sailor you nailed your heart to the foremast; now he 's a convict you want to clank it through life, eh?"

"It was not always thus, Mary Jane, because I had never been to sea. I read in books and listened to talk and painted on clouds. Now I am at sea. I have watched the life and swear that I would rather take a convict's discipline along with a convict's chances than be a foremast hand."

My work was light, and this was a wonderful mercy, seeing that I had been made a cuddy-servant without anybody knowing I was a girl. I washed glasses, fetched and carried dishes, cleaned knives and plate and so on. This was no more than house-maids' work, down even to the scrubbing of the deck, which was the same as washing the floor of a room. Added to this, I slept alone in a comfortable cabin and had all such conveniences as a young woman who masquerades as a boy could need.

I was nearly of Will's height, and his clothes fitted me, and when the weather grew very hot I wore his flannel shirts, serge jacket buttoned up to conceal my figure, and white drill trousers. I also got him to buy me a new grass hat from one of the sailors; and thus attired, I looked the smartest, sauciest young fellow that ever stepped the decks of a ship. The captain and the mates knew how I came by the clothes I wore, and asked no questions.

The Woolwich apparel remained in the upper bunk. Long before this I had opened it and inspected the contents, and found every article as I had packed it. It was a very large bundle; it contained my hat and bodice and skirt and the under-linen and shoes I had removed when I dressed myself as a boy.

Meanwhile the doctor was highly satisfied with the progress the convict school-classes were making. He would come to the table and rub his hands and declare, with one of his grave smiles, that since such and such a date so and so—and here, perhaps, he would give the initials of a convict or quote several examples by their initials only—had got the Lord's Prayer by heart and was beginning to pronounce words of two and even three syllables. I am sure he was a benevolent, good, pious man, but repulsive to my sympathies by sternness and officialism and, perhaps, by the thought that Tom was under him, in his power, of no more account than the rest of the prisoners, many of whom were being transported for vile and some for diabolical crimes.

I 'd keep my ears open to hear if he spoke of Tom; but he never uttered my sweetheart's name nor indicated him by any fashion of his own. Strange to relate, one of his favorites was now the prize-fighter Barney Aaron. It puzzled me to imagine by what acts this man Aaron had succeeded in gaining the doctor's good opinion and confidence. Certainly during service no man was so attentive as the prize-fighter. I see him now with his head slightly on one side, his eyes fixed upon the doctor, an expression of half-complacent admiration on him, as though what he heard was not only doing him good but amazing him with the beauty and eloquence with which it was delivered. Then I gathered that Barney was very zealous in the school-work. I remember the doctor telling Captain Barrett that the tears stood in the prize-fighter's eyes whilst he expressed his gratitude for the opportunities provided by the discipline of the convict ship for improving his understanding and qualifying him to think and reason as a rational, responsible being. Captain Barrett looked silently at the doctor through his eye-glass, but immediately the doctor had quitted the table the captain turned to Lieutenant Chimmo and spoke in a low voice, and then they both laughed wildly. Indeed, the subaltern beat upon the table as though he would suffocate.

I remember again, one afternoon, that I was sent with a tray of seltzer and glasses to the poop. The commander of the ship was seated in company with the doctor and the two military men. An awning was stretched overhead, and its shadow was pleasant, with the breath of a small breeze off the beam, and it danced with a strange pulsing of lights from the diamond twinkling of the brilliant blue sea.

We had by this time crossed the equator; I believe our latitude was about three degrees south. Sentries paced the forepart of the poop as usual; the sentry forward sheltered himself in the gloom of the corner of sail; a few convicts were lounging in a lifeless manner betwixt the barricades. Tom was one of the convicts. He sat at the foot of the main-mast in the shadow of it with his elbows on his knees, his brows betwixt his clenched fists, his head hanging down, his eyes rooted to the deck, his whole posture extraordinary with its suggestion of that sort of grief which turns a man into stone.

Captain Sutherland and the others sat near the foremost skylight that stood but a short distance from the break of the poop. The captain told me to put the tray down on the skylight and fetch a bottle of brandy. I returned with the brandy and a

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ON BEING PRESENTED AT COURT.

The biographer of JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL makes mention of this distinguished American's unpopularity among some of his fellow-countrymen, especially his countrywomen, because of his forced refusal to present them at the British court. The American Minister at St. James can only introduce a few—a very few—into the presence of Queen VICTORIA. Some of the disappointed ones who have so keenly criticised Mr. LOWELL seem to forget he had but limited powers in this direction, and doubtless they themselves were not always of the most desirable class to be introduced. People who clamor for social enthronement are not the real leaders of society, and no one would be more able to distinguish between a genuine American citizen of distinction and an egotistical tuft-hunter than the late Mr. LOWELL.

It is a generally conceded fact that Queen VICTORIA, because of her illustrious position, noble character and unfailing friendship toward the United States, is, next to our own President's wife, the foremost lady in our estimation. She has fairly won her position, and Americans are proud of her because she is very, very proud of America, the great English-speaking nation of the west.

But the pushing set who are so prominent in our fashionable circles are not the real representatives of our Republic. We admire and respect Queen VICTORIA, but we should be consistent with our declared convictions as a democracy.

Toadying to any crowned head as such is no part of our business. When state visitors come here—and they have paid us several visits, and are likely to pay more—how should we receive these princes, earls and dukes? Just precisely as we would receive any lady or gentleman without the title, with the proviso that their mission, if one of courteous respect from a foreign power, entitles them to a measure of special attention.

We are convinced that such a line of conduct would earn for us regard, because it is consistent with all our institutions. The simple and impressive majesty of the people's united voice needs no trappings of rank and broken-winded imitations of state ceremonialism to add to its force. Why should we turn flunkey? Surely Uncle Sam is a little too big for the situation of the royal footman.

People will object to this by saying: "Remember what is due to rank!" But what is mere rank to an American, who claims all men equal except so far as character and services differentiate them? And that separation is already wide enough without introducing the arbitrary forms and caste-barriers of European society. "La, how dearly I did love a lord!" should be the epitaph on some tombstones which must record the virtues of men and women we meet.

◆

WARS AND RUMORS OF WARS.

It seems to be one of the peculiarities of human nature that every once in a while the fever of war appears to get to work in the veins of mankind. Whether the provocation be great or small matters little. The thirst for blood is borne on the very wings of the wind, and nothing short of the taking of human life will appease the rage of the restless multitude.

All of this sets one to wondering if there is not somewhere about floating in the air at times or hibernating in some of the world's fastnesses a war bacillus, a bloodthirsty microbe that will be sated with nothing but the heat and storm of battle and which can be destroyed only by deluges of the blood of the brave. We might well ask what is the good of a peace congress, international arbitration, of the efforts of philanthropic people to raise the minds of men above the barbarities of war. The slaughter of human beings is like many others of the great calamities of life in a certain sense periodical.

The world can be at peace only for a limited number of years; then, by some curious sequence of events, ill-feeling comes up; there are disputes and demands and more or less of what for a better name is called diplomacy. One might imagine that when explanations were made and satisfaction offered, this would be the end of the difficulty, and undoubtedly would it be were it not for the fever that breaks out in the hearts of the children of men. When this disease—for it can be called by no other name—once gets a foothold in a nation, nothing but an outbreak of war, carried to its legitimate conclusion, seems to assuage the thirst of the people for violence.

May we not believe that this condition is like other epidemics and produced by some natural causes which we do not yet understand? If this is the case, of what avail are peace congresses, international arbitration or the appeals of humanitarians? Nothing but war will answer, and when this breaks out between nations of imflammable temperaments its barbarities know no limit.

It is to be hoped that civilized nations will adopt some mode of settling differences by amicable agreement instead of treating the world to scenes of carnage unequaled in the history of warfare—unequaled because there have never been such facilities for slaughter as present-day science has perfected and put into the hands of combatants. It would be well if such events could transpire without inflicting the most awful suffering on wholly innocent persons, or if among the victims the inciters of the quarrel could be at the head of the fallen columns. They who take the sword shall perish by the sword ought to be literally carried out, and the responsible parties brought to accountability by compulsory active service, instead of being permitted to sit quietly at home, superintending bureaus, devising schemes and issuing orders from points at a positively safe distance from the seat of war.

If the time ever comes when quarrelsome people can be forced to bear the brunt of the disturbances they incite, the world at large will have great reason for congratulation and the subjects of the warring powers may thank heaven and take courage.

◆

BLACK LORIS: A COSSACK TRADITION.

Translated by a native Russian, and put in verse

BY ARTHUR M. FORRESTER.

Spurs jingle and lances shine;
A hundred brave horsemen in line;
Gay voices ring as they merrily sing,
For why should true hearts repine?
The pathway is level, and balmy the air,
Their bosoms unruffled by shadow of care;
The sun has but reached its meridian height,
"Twenty versts farther on we shall slumber to-night."
When, crash, from the thickets that border the way
Bursts a hailstorm of bullets in death-dealing spray;
In front a wall rises of turban-crowned foes,
And half of the sotnia fall 'neath their blows.
But still, with teeth set and a joyous hurrah!
With lances at rest and a cheer for the czar,
Charge fifty brave horsemen in line!

Oh, fatal the rifle's crack!
Ten heroes fight back to back,
And each lance-thrust brings down in the dust
A wolf from the howling pack.
How the yelping curs in myriads swarm!
Ten new foes rise from each prostrate form,
They drop from the trees, they spring from the ground,
Till a blaze of scimeters flashes around—
The ten are scattered; they seem to be
Like derelict barks in an angry sea.
But never a Cossack was known to yield
While his arm a saber or lance could wield;
Oh, weep their valor by distant Don
The waves are engulfing them one by one!
But two remain, back to back!

His comrade sinks down with a groan—
Black Loris is fighting alone,
His eyeballs glazed and his senses dazed,
And his arms as heavy as stone.
"Surrender!" a hundred harsh voices demand;
For answer, he sabers the chief of the band;
But his arm is shivered in twain—he feels
The earth swim round him—he gasps—he reels—
And gleam on his vision old scenes afar,
As he gasps in a dream a last cheer for the czar!
Was it echo, that sonorous answering peal?
No! No! There's a rattle of hoof and of steel!
Black Loris is not alone!

No tears for the ninety-nine—
The nation's heart is their shrine;
But glory's bays and the emperor's praise
For the one man left of the line!
The Don's deep waters will long be dried,
And stemmed the flow of the Ural's tide;
The strength and glory of Russia depart,
The Cossack know cowardice reign in his heart,
Ere Muscovite legions shall cease to tell
Of dashing Loris, who fought so well,
Whose comrades tore him from out the grave,
Whose medal the emperor's own hands gave;
And for years to come, when trotting along
Ural or Don, men will sing this song:
"The One and the Ninety-nine!"

◆

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

"Nice dog, that of yours," said a gentleman to his friend. "Very intelligent animal, isn't he?"

"Brightest dog that you ever saw," was the reply. "He seems to know everything I say to him. I tell you he is just death on cats. He catches them by the back and shakes the life out of them with one snap. Amazing bright dog that!"

A passer-by, who chanced to hear this conversation, was led to wonder just why a creature whose only reliable quality seemed to be the killing of an unfortunate household pet should be considered such a remarkable animal, and also to wonder why the cat appears to be the legitimate prey of the dog and the small boy. As a matter of fact, there are few sorts of brutality more contemptible than the torturing and worrying of these gentle, useful and harmless household animals. For all practical purposes, the cat is by far the more useful of the two, and certainly deserves more consideration than it receives at the hands of the public. Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness are not even allowed it in many communities.

There are creatures who call themselves men, who take pleasure in training dogs to this brutal amusement. It makes no difference whose pussy it is or how much affection some one may entertain for it. The dog and the man or the boy, one equally brutal with the other, set after it, and it is pursued until its useful and inoffensive life is ended. It would be a good idea if there could be some legislation looking to the protection of the common house-cat, for certainly no member of the animal creation stands more urgently in need of it.

WHAT SHALL WE DRINK?

BY N. S. STOWELL.

"I am losing confidence in the virtues of carbonated waters. They are, I believe, responsible for many of the prevailing disorders and especially for some forms of kidney difficulty."

This remark, recently made by a physician, was in no sense a surprise to at least one of the persons who heard him, unless, indeed, there might be a sensation of that nature produced by the idea that an old-school doctor could ever be brought to admit that he could be mistaken in anything. The tenacity of many of the members of the medical profession to the ideas that have come down through generations is one of the most remarkable of facts. It is only after protest upon protest from those who suffer the pangs and tortures that follow certain forms of treatment that they begin to realize that possibly something may be wrong and that they must at last admit that they have all along been misled. It is noticeable that the more intelligent the physician the more readily he is brought to see and admit his error and to do his best to find out in what particular his treatment was at fault and to seek out the quickest and most effectual remedy.

It is a fact to which a great number of persons can bear witness that carbonated waters have caused many cases of serious illness and greatly exaggerated many others. The markets are filled with all sorts of waters in bottles and bulk, and all sorts of virtues are claimed for them. Doctors prescribe them for patients, and as they are in most cases relishable, they are taken under the impression that they are of great benefit, as frequently they may be. But, after all, the best and most wholesome beverage is clear, cool water without noxious chemicals and compounds.

When the country was new, and, as a matter of course, sparsely settled, the sources of water supply were less likely to be contaminated than they now are, and there were fewer cases of the diseases that are supposed to be aggravated by impure water. As a rule, the city hydrant furnishes but an indifferent substitute for the clear, sparkling liquid that once fell from the brim of the old oaken bucket.

But as it is to the hydrant and the country well and spring that we must look for our water supply, it behooves us to see to it that this is kept in the best possible condition. It by no means follows that because water is clear, colorless and sparkling that it is free from injurious elements. Indeed, there are no indications or tests within the limits of average intelligence that are safe to follow as far as the ability to detect the possible presence of disease germs is concerned. Only the most exhaustive and carefully conducted chemical analysis can be implicitly trusted for this. But this is quite beyond the ordinary householder's ken, and some simple devices are the only alternatives.

First of all, a good filter helps matters amazingly. If filtered water is boiled and at once cooled, it is in the best possible condition for immediate use. Filtering alone cannot be relied on, as in most cases the more dangerous bacilli are so small that the filter offers no bar to their passage. But it will remove the grosser impurities, and is so far so good. If water looks yellow and deposits a sediment after standing, it may be cleared by putting into it a solution of alum or citric acid in the proportion of half a teaspoonful to two gallons of water. Prepare this by making a saturated solution, which is all that the water will dissolve.

One may put into a quart bottle four ounces of citric acid, which is less injurious than alum—indeed, is not at all harmful, except in certain forms of illness, being the acid of lemons. Upon this pour a pint of filtered water, shake, and allow it to stand for some hours, then shake again. If the acid is not all dissolved, more water may be added, or the solution may be used until only the crystals remain, when the bottle may again be partly filled. One teaspoonful of this to two gallons of water will precipitate all of the sediment that is held by the water, leaving a crystalline fluid not at all affected as to taste by the presence of the acid.

If water is to be boiled, a clean iron or tin tea-kettle is the best utensil. Never use water from the range-boiler for drinking or cooking purposes. It comes through pipes with more or less lead and brass couplings.

It may be said that this way of managing the drinking-water supply of the family involves a great deal of hard work and bother, and so it does; but it is less trouble than illness or death, and much more sensible than to fill the system with carbonated waters or to indulge in malted drinks.

THE CONVICT SHIP.

Continued from page 7.

corkscrew, when, just as I was about to draw the cork, the doctor lifted his hand, and with an odd pleased look, bade me stand still and make no noise. Then it was that I heard a sound of singing; the melody was a hymn, but I cannot give it a name; I have since believed it was the air of a well-known hymn sung to words which were written by some convict converted into an honest man by the doctor during a previous voyage.

I judged by the volume of sound that about ten men sang; they sat under the hatch where the gratings made a frame-like bird-cage, otherwise we should not have heard them. They sang well, in good time, and one deep voice was noticeable for its manner of working into the singing in a harmonizing way as though the fellow knew music.

Captain Barrett asked a question.

“Hush, I beg of you,” said the doctor, with a face of grave satisfaction.

No one could have listened to the voice of the finest Italian opera-singer of the day with more relish and ardent attention than the doctor to the chanting of the convicts.

The singing ceased. I stood at a little distance, with the brandy and the corkscrew, waiting to be told to draw the cork.

“Whose was that deep voice?” said Captain Barrett.

“Barney Aaron's,” answered the doctor.

“Was it a Christian hymn they sang?” asked Captain Barrett.

“Certainly,” responded the doctor. “Do you suppose that I would allow any other sort of hymn to be sung in this ship?”

“What's Barney's creed?” said the subaltern.

“He's coming right,” answered the doctor, severely. And then turning to Captain Sutherland, he exclaimed: “I know you take an interest in these matters. You will be gratified to learn that Aaron expressed a wish yesterday to be received into our church.”

“Indeed!” said Captain Sutherland.

“That could only be done by a bishop or a clergyman, I suppose?” said the subaltern.

The doctor, without answering, left the poop, walked to the main hatch and addressed some words to the men at the bottom of it.

“What's your opinion of Barney's conversion?” said Captain Sutherland to Captain Barrett.

“My opinion is,” answered the other, “that I shall give instructions for the sentries to keep an extra sharp eye upon him.”

“Now the hymn 's over, suppose we get that cork drawn?” said the subaltern.

I started on the captain of the ship turning to look at me. My eyes had been fastened upon Tom, who, on the doctor approaching the hatchway, had risen and gone to the rail, and stood there looking out to sea. The convicts came up in divisions to breathe the air. It was so burning hot that the doctor had stopped the walking exercise. Tom's division happened to be up, and my eyes were rooted to his pale face as he stood looking over the rail into the dim blue distance, when I was startled by Captain Sutherland turning upon me.

“Draw that cork,” said he, “I had forgotten you.” And he said to Lieutenant Chimmo, but he did not mean that I should hear him: “Do you observe that this lad is always at one's elbow when the convicts are under discussion?”

This speech brought some color into my face; I was sensible that I blushed and was deeply vexed that I did so. All three watched me draw the cork out of the brandy bottle. I poured brandy into the tumblers and filled them up with foaming seltzer and handed the draughts to the gentlemen. Captain Barrett looked me hard in the face when I handed him his tumbler. My fears made me find detection in his stare; I thought to myself in my heart this man has found out that I am a woman.

I went toward the companion hatch to re-enter the cuddy; Lieutenant Chimmo said loudly, as though indifferent whether I heard or not: “What a devilish good-looking chap he is! He blushes like a girl.”

“There 's a mystery about the youngster,” said Captain Barrett. “He puzzles me.”

I did not catch what the captain let fall, but feeling alarmed and eager to know if more was said, I ran hastily down the companion steps and posted myself under the open foremost skylight.

“What makes you think so?” I heard Lieutenant Chimmo say.

“He seems too stoutly built for a lad,” answered Captain Barrett.

“I 've met young fellows more girlish-looking than that lad,” exclaimed Captain Sutherland. “The apprentice, Johnstone, I understand, knows all about him. Johnstone is of respectable stock. His father is a solicitor near the Tower; I 've never done business with him, but he has helped many a poor gentleman of the jacket out of difficulties.”

The subaltern spoke of several effeminate officers whom he had met with in various places. He mentioned one Captain Dawson, who, he said, was called Pretty Polly. He wore his hair parted down the middle; it was a rich auburn and waved, and the fellows of his regiment tried to persuade him to let it grow to see what length it would descend. He had no hair except eyebrows and eyelashes upon his face; his complexion was amazingly delicate, much more so than young Marlowe's. He blushed readily; his voice was a contralto, and when he sang you thought you were listening to a woman.

This reminded Captain Barrett of a girlish-looking cornet named Sheridan. Then Captain Sutherland furnished an instance of a singularly effeminate second-mate; after which, amid frequent sippings of brandy and seltzer and puffing of paper cigars, the conversation went again to Barney Aaron, thence to other matters; whereupon, satisfied that they had done with the topic of girlish-looking boys, I went to the pantry, breathing a little more freely, though still somewhat uneasy, for I was afraid of the meaning I had found in the stare that Captain Barrett had regarded me with.

CHAPTER XXX.

SHE CONVERSES WITH HER SWEETHEART.

The utmost I dared hope was that my sex would remain concealed until we had rounded the Cape of Good Hope. When once our ship had entered the great Southern Ocean, there would be no more land to touch at until Hobart Town was reached. Often at home, whilst thinking of Tom and resolving to follow him, had I studied the map of the world—or rather those portions of the globe which a ship traversed in her passage from the Thames to Tasmania; and I knew that there was no land betwixt Agulhas and the great New-Holland continent, saving two little islands, one called St. Paul's and the other Amsterdam Island, the latter of which it was then customary (I had read or been told) for ships to sight to verify their reckonings. But it was a desert island, not such an island as the doctor would set me ashore on; so that after we should round the cape I had no fear of being landed; nor was it very conceivable that the doctor, however suspicious he might prove, would think it needful to tranship me should an opportunity occur, seeing that our destination would not then be very remote, with the proper machinery for inquiry should the doctor or Captain Sutherland think proper to charge me.

I was relieved, however, by finding that, during the remainder of that day, Captain Barrett took no further notice of me. The heat was very great. The doctor said it was like a furnace in the 'tweendecks, and that some of the convicts who were sick in the hospital were suffering fearfully. The heels of three or four windsails penetrated the hatches, but the air blew small and fiery hot, and the gushing of it down those canvas pipes made no sensible difference in the fever of the atmosphere of the 'tweendecks, filled with the breath and the heat of the bodies of the two hundred and thirty convicts.

At dinner in the cuddy, on the afternoon of the third day, dating from the incident of the singing of the hymn in the hatch, the captain spoke of a partial eclipse of the moon that was to happen that evening at about nine o'clock. I stood behind the captain's chair when this was said, for I must tell you that I now regularly waited at table, though Frank was above me, and I had to do work which Mr. Stiles would not have put the young German to.

The doctor lifted his head from the soup-plate which he overhung and exclaimed: “A partial eclipse of the moon? That will be an interesting sight!”

Captain Barrett and the subaltern asked several questions about this eclipse. The conversation flowed on. I fetched a second or third course from the galley, and whilst the captain carved, the doctor, looking at him, said: “I have a great mind to allow the convicts, in divisions, to witness this eclipse. The spectacle might produce a very salutary effect upon the minds of many. The loneliness of the ocean, the sight of the familiar face of the moon being slowly darkened—it will provide me with a fine subject for our address to-morrow, and the prisoners will be more likely to benefit from my discourse by having beheld the eclipse. You are sure, sir, that the hour is nine?”

“About nine. I will presently let you know for certain,” answered the captain.

“We should require the guard drawn up on the poop,” said the doctor.

“Give your orders, Ellice,” said Captain Barrett.

“The soldiers and the women will enjoy the sight,” said the doctor; “it is insufferably hot in the prison. These occasional indulgences often do much good.”

“How long does the eclipse last?” asked the subaltern.

“I believe the disk is less than a quarter obscured,” replied the captain.

“That should give time for each division to take a peep,” exclaimed Captain Barrett.

Here I was sent into the pantry, and lost what followed. I gathered, however, on my return from what the doctor and the others let fall that the matter was settled, and that the convicts in divisions, the guard being under arms on the poop, were to be brought up on deck to view the partial eclipse of the moon.

Dinner was over in the cuddy by seven. The captain and military officers went on to the poop to smoke, and I carried coffee to them whilst Frank waited upon Mr. Bates and his brother mate. The doctor, who did not smoke, and who drank his wine well watered, descended the booby hatch to acquaint the prisoners with his intentions, and to make the necessary arrangements. It was a true tropic night, splendid and silent. Often do I recall that night, and always with a bitter sense of the blindness of the human mind, of our incapacity to see one minute ahead of us. The moon at this hour was rising, and the lunar dawn lay in a streak of dim red along the eastern seaboard. I do not remember the hour; it was not yet eight bells; in the west was a fast-waning flush, for we floated in a part of the ocean where the night crosses the sea in a stride. Not a breath of air! The waters stretched flat as a surface of polished ebony, and only at intervals there ran a sighing sort of movement through the sea, which sent a delicate stir through the canvas, and set the dew raining from aloft in little pattering showers. In the south there was much lightning; the leap of the violet sparks flashed up the battlements and ragged brows of a mass of electric cloud. The water reflected the play, and sometimes a little note of distant thunder came humming across the glass-smooth surface. Elsewhere under the brightest of the stars hung tremulous wakes of silver fire.

Even now, early as it was, the mighty shadow of the ocean night was majestic and awful with the wild, flashful coloring of lightning in the south, and the dustlike multitude of stars over the three glooming spires of our ship, and the rising moon rusty-red and imperfect and distorted, as though lifting heavily through some noxious belt of African river-vapor.

What I saw, however, was quickly embraced by my sight. Having put the gentlemen's coffee upon the skylight, I durst not linger.

The steward found me plenty to do till a quarter before nine. I then went to my cabin to refresh myself with a wash. When I came into the cuddy again, I found the lamps turned down and heard a sound of many feet in motion. I stepped into the recess and found nobody there. I walked a little way forward along the gangway alley, and looking up at the poop, saw the guard drawn in a line near the rail. The awning was furled, and the moonlight sparkled on their firearms, and the bayonets glanced as the lightning leapt in the south.

A division of convicts was in the inclosure, standing in dusky groups, and at every man's feet stretched his shadow, with scarcely a move of the clean black line of it, so reposefully did the ship sleep. I saw a crowd of seamen on the forecastle and heard women's voices, and guessed that the wives had gone forward to view the eclipse.

The moon was now bright. You could distinguish faces by her beam. I went slowly along the gangway alley, looking hard at the prisoners, and when about midway I saw a man standing alone, with his arms folded and his eyes fixed on the moon. It was Tom. I stopped. I must tell you that this fore-and-aft barricade, which was designed as a convenience more than as a prison barrier, was not above five feet high, and formed of strong wooden rails, sufficiently wide apart to disclose the figure. I coughed, and then Tom saw me.

I advanced very slowly in the direction of the forecastle, and then came to a stand and seemed to look at the moon; and when I warily turned my eyes upon the inclosure, I observed that Tom had advanced as I had and was abreast of me, though he had drawn nearer to the fore-and-aft barricade. My heart beat quickly, for if I could speak to him now it would be the first time since that day when I had whispered as I passed and when he had discovered that I was on board.

I walked a little way farther. This carried me out of sight of the poop, unless any one should come to the head of the port poop-ladder and stare along the alley. The yards were braced forward, and the corner of the foresail lay between me and the moon and plunged in shadow that part of the deck where I again halted. I saw that Tom had walked with me on the other side of the barricade, and when I stopped he stopped, too, so close that had he sighed I should have heard him. The shadow that was upon me was upon him and stretched athwart the deck, darkening the two galleys and the great mass of long-boat; but under the yawn of the foresail the forecastle whitened out in the light, with the silvered figures of many persons upon it, and beyond hung the jibs, falling like streaks of snow to the bowsprit and jib-booms. Outside the shadow in the inclosure the moonshine lay like frost upon the planks, and the shapes of the convicts, in their pale apparel, showed like figures in yellow wood. They moved or stood in groups; here and there was a lonely figure. The nearest group to where I had come to a stand was at a distance of about twenty paces, close against the fore-and-aft barricades. The yet distant lightning flashed upon the canvas, and high as the royals which crowned the towering fabric of clothes the sails flashed and faded in the electric play as though to the revolution of some gigantic violet-tinted lantern.

I kept my back upon Tom and seemed to be looking upward at the sky; he stood with his right side toward me gazing aft as though he heeded me not. We spoke swiftly under our breath.

“How is it with you, Tom?”

“This coolness and freshness and moonlight—it is heaven after the hell below. My brave heart, my beloved girl, how is it with you?”

“Well; I am happy. I am with you. Our time is coming. In our new home all this will be no more than a horrid dream.”

“A dream!” said he, with fierceness in his whisper. “It is no dream to be ruined and have one's heart broken. They have made a devil of me. I am no longer fit for you. You don't know my heart.”

“Whatever you are, I am. If they have made you a devil I will be a devil too. I am yours and one with you, and live for nothing but for you. Ask me to set this ship on fire to-night and I 'll do it.”

“Ay, yours is the true woman's spirit. I have no right to such a love. It is too noble for a wretch. Don't let them ruin two lives. Curse them! See what they have made of me! I would to God you were not here.”

“Oh, Tom!”

“Ay, but to see you dragging the dirty burthen of the cuddy along the deck—to think of my proud and beautiful girl masquerading as a boy—ordered about by wretches who would be glad to clean her doorsteps and windows at home—and for a convict! But you know I am innocent.”

“Whisper softly,” said I, marking a note of bitter temper, a tone as of ferocity in his speech. It hissed in his feverishly rapid whispers and seemed as a revelation to me of a change of nature. “Do not gesticulate; the sentry at the head of the poop-ladder seems to be watching us. I have settled it thus: On our arrival I will take steps to qualify as a landholder, and you shall come to me. Leave me to act and keep up your heart and do not say you wish I was not here.”

“This ship will never arrive!” said he.

“Why do you say that?” I whispered, turning to look at him and then giving him my back again.

“That 's what I mean by wishing to God you were not here,” he answered, whispering passionately, as though he could not contain himself. “This ship will never arrive! I could save her and I could save life by a word. If I thought you were in danger—but not with me! Not with me! Aaron and others have taken their oaths upon it, and they cannot do without me. They don't know that you are a girl. They must not know it! You are my dear friend and that is enough; and they believe you to be friendly toward them and would help them if you could. They 'll not harm you. I 'd strangle myself sooner than utter a word that should save this ship! I 'm here for a crime I never committed. They have made a devil of me! I 'll take no active part. I 'll have no blood upon my head, but I 'll help them in the way they want when they call upon me.”

“What can I do?”

“Nothing but wait.”

“I 'd give my life to free you!”

“Oh, your devotion breaks my heart! I was worthy of it once.”

“When is this thing to happen?”

“The ship will be in the hands of the convicts to-morrow.”

I fetched a deep breath and turned cold.

"And Will—and Will, Tom?" I said in a whisper that shuddered with the icy fit.

"I have stipulated for Will. They'll not hurt him."

"How will they be able to do it?"

"Some of the crew are with them. For three weeks this has been secretly working out. I'm the only navigator among the convicts, and they depend on me." He added, after a pause, during which my breath came and went hysterically: "If you fear for yourself or for Will; if you think this thing should not be done—for it will be attempted, and if it is attempted it will be done—go to the captain of the ship, tell him that the convicts, backed by a portion of his crew, have planned to seize the vessel, and that to save her the sentries must be doubled throughout, no convicts allowed on deck, no messmen to pass the main-hatch sentry, the prison victuals to be passed through the door of the steerage bulkhead by the soldiers, mates and trustworthy petty officers of the ship."

"Why should I tell him this?"

He was silent.

"Sooner than speak, I would fling myself into the sea."

"It will be a bloody business."

"But if it gives you your liberty!"

"They have driven me to it!" he cried, raising his voice; and he stamped on the deck in the passion of the minute.

"Gangway there!" shouted the forecastle sentry. "What are you doing at that barricade? Come out of it!"

I instantly walked forward, and whilst I walked I heard the voice of the doctor on the poop:

"Let the people fall in. Let the captains rank them on the starboard side, where they'll get a good view."

I went up the forecastle ladder, at the head of which stood the sentry. He was the husband of the pretty young woman—the Dick who had been on duty when I visited the barracks.

"Is it you?" said he. "You mustn't get yarning with the convicts. It's against the orders."

"Yarning!" said I. "If a prisoner wishes me good-night and asks me questions about the moon, I may stop to be civil, I hope?"

"It's against the orders," said he, and with a swing of his figure he resumed his walk.

The greater part of the crowd on the forecastle stood in the bows or head of the ship. The whole of the crew was assembled; the soldiers' wives, some of them holding children by the hands, swelled the crowd. I stepped to a part of the forecastle rail where the deck was vacant and looked out to sea. The hush on the ocean this side the storm was unutterably deep, and the distant tempest did not vex it, though the great masses of vapor had risen considerably and the lightning was running all over the breast of it in rills of fire, and the thunder boomed along the level plain of sea as though some leviathan mermen or Titans of the brine were playing at bowls upon the horizon.

I looked up at the moon and beheld the shadow of the earth touching the crystal edge of the satellite like a ring of smoke. The reflection flowed gloriously under the luminary in a spreading wake of greenish silver, whose hither extremity trembled to the vessel's side. The convict ship, sleeping upon the dark and breathless surface of water, her white sails gently fanning at long intervals to a delicate motion of the hull; the dark figures of the convicts grouped in a mass on one side of the main deck, their faces pale in the night-beam as they gazed at the moon; the crowd of seamen and women talking in subdued voices in the bows of the ship, where beyond them soared the jibs floating like gossamer in the moonlight from the mastheads; the dark ocean stretching, stirless and silent, into the north, star-studded, whilst southward it was lighted up by the distant, sunbright and violet flames of the electric clouds; the face of the cold, silver moon with a shadow of the earth painted in a corner of her—this was a scene so rich in poetry, so vital, besides, with a strange, bitter human significance, that at any other time I would have abandoned my whole spirit to it and lost myself in contemplation.

But I could think of nothing but my conversation with Tom, the change my quick ear had detected in his nature, his assurance to me that I did not know his heart, above all his statement that before to-morrow night the ship would be in possession of the convicts. I believed him, but I could not realize his meaning. Yet I remember very well that conversation I had overheard between two sailors who talked of the convicts, knowing that Tom—I guessed they meant Tom—was the only navigator among the prisoners.

I tried to settle my spirits, but my heart flung a fever into my blood and I longed to laugh out, to cry out, to run about. As the shadow deepened upon the moon, the crowd upon the forecastle fell silent. I looked over the side into the dark water and beheld a fish-shaped phantom of phosphorus sliding slowly along close under the surface; there was a little bubbling of fire about the center of this strange shape where the fin of it projected, I knew what it was, yet glanced once or twice only without curiosity and went on thinking.

Would they spare my cousin Will? Would they spare me? How could Tom be sure? The liberation of the convicts would be like the disgorging of hell. How could Tom foretell what would follow the demon's seizure of the ship? But I cared not. Let Tom but gain his liberty and it mattered nothing to me what followed, though my own life should be forfeited. By the magic of sympathy the change that I had noticed in him was working in me. I felt as though a devil had entered into me, even as Tom had whispered that they had driven him to it; that injustice and labor and punishment maddening to an innocent heart had made a devil of him.

I was in the way of the walk of the forecastle sentry; that is to say, at the extremity of it, and twice he halted at my side to look at the moon, but never spoke. I heard the doctor talking to the prisoners. He addressed them from over the rail of the poop, and no doubt made the most of this solemn occasion of eclipse and the terror of the gathering storm and the mighty scene of loneliness in whose heart the great ship slumbered.

I was forced to the quarter-deck presently by a ridiculous argument between the boatswain and the cook. The cook declared that it had long ago been proved the earth was flat; therefore, as that corner of shadow upon the moon was round, it could not be cast by the earth. Mr. Balls, with a loud, hoarse laugh, exclaimed that those who believed the earth to be flat were misled by the shape of their own heads.

"Not that I'm a going to argue," said he, "that that there shadder's the earth's. For the matter of that, who's going to say it's a shadder at all? The moon has a hatmosphere, I suppose, and why shouldn't its hatmosphere be shaped as our'n is with mucky thicknesses like to what's blazing away yonder? Who's agoing to prove to me that that there shadder, instead of an eclipse, as they calls it, ain't a storum?"

I walked aft and sat upon the combings of the booby-hatch where I was alone. A fresh division of convicts had been brought up, and the doctor stood over my head haranguing them. He spoke of the enormity of the crimes they had committed and begged them to consider the moon as a likeness of their soul and the shadow overcreeping it, the darkness of sin and death. "But presently," said he, "that shadow will pass, and the brightness of the moon will look forth in splendor, and the sea beneath it will smile and rejoice in her light. Be it even so with you, my brother-sinners; pray that the shadow that is upon you may pass away, that the light which is within you may purely shine again."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT—NO. 34.]

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EPIGRAMS.

—Criticism reduces those regions of literature under the dominion of science, which have hitherto known only the anarchy of ignorance, the caprices of fancy and the tyranny of prescription.

—When nothing is necessary to elevation but detection of the follies or the faults of others, no man is so insensible to the voice of fame as to linger on the ground.

—He that neglected the culture of ground naturally fertile is more shamefully culpable than he whose field would scarcely recompense his husbandry.

—He who easily comprehends all that is before him, and soon exhausts any single subject, is always eager for new inquiries.

—We should always wish to preserve the dignity of virtue by adorning her with graces which wickedness cannot assume.

—They whose excellence of any kind has been loudly celebrated are ready to conclude that their powers are universal.

—It is a conscience very ill-informed that violates the rights of one man for the convenience of another.

—No form of government has been yet discovered by which cruelty can be wholly prevented.

—Curiosity is one of the permanent and certain characteristics of a vigorous intellect.

—The eye of the intellect, like that of the body, is not equally perfect in all.

—Those who cannot govern themselves must be governed.

—Silence propagates itself.

THE DEVIL'S MOTHER-IN-LAW.

FROM THE SPANISH OF FERNAN CABALLERO.

Well, sir, in a place called Villagañanes there lived a widow more hideous than the sergeant of Utrera who burst with ugliness, as withered and as dry as an old broom, older than the custom of going on foot and yellower than the plague. She had, moreover, a temper that would have exhausted the patience of Job. She was called Aunt Holofernes, and the children fled from her.

She was clean as water and as industrious as an ant; so that she had no small cross in her daughter, Panfila, who, on the contrary, was so idle and such a friend of Brother Ease, that an earthquake wouldn't move her. Therefore, Aunt Holofernes's wrathful lectures began with sunrise but ended not with sunset.

"You are as worthless," she would say, "as a Dutch cigar, and it takes a yoke of oxen to get you out of bed in the morning. You avoid work as you would the pest. You plant yourself brazenly in the window, and you are as fond of it as a monkey. You are more lovesick than Cupid himself; but I am not worth much if I do not make you go straighter that the wind and faster than a spindle."

Panfila on hearing this would stretch and yawn, and as soon as her mother's back was turned, fly off to the window or front-door.

Aunt Holofernes would sweep like mad, accompanying the noise of the broom with a monologue after this fashion:

"In my time girls worked like mules."

Swish, swish, swish, from the broom.

"They lived as retired as nuns."

Swish, swish, swish.

"Now they are a set of loons."

Swish, swish.

"Idle hussies."

Swish, swish.

"They think of nothing but lovers,"

Swish, swish.

"And what a set of rascals they are!"

Swish, swish, continues the broom assentingly.

Upon one occasion, as she approached the door, she saw her daughter in the porch making signs to a young man across the way, and the waltz of the broom terminated emphatically on Panfila's broad back and worked a miracle—it made her run.

"You sentimental hussy!" screamed her mother. "I ought to break every bone in her body."

"And why, pray? Because I pretend to get married."

"What's that you say? Get married, you lunatic! Not while I live?"

"Then, madam, didn't you get married and my grandmother and my great-grandmother?"

"Dearly I paid for it in you, you impudent girl! But understand this, if I did marry and my mother and my great-grandmother, I don't intend that you shall marry nor my grandchildren nor my great-grandchildren, either; do you hear?"

The mother and daughter passed their days in these sweet colloquies, without any result except that Aunt Holofernes became each day more of a scold and Panfila more sentimental.

One Monday morning, Aunt Holofernes was preparing the lye for the week's wash. She called her daughter to help her lift the iron pot from the stove and pour its contents over the clothes. Panfila heard with one ear and with the other was listening to a familiar voice in the street. Meanwhile, Aunt Holofernes, seeing that the lye threatened to boil over, lifted the pot herself from the stove; but the little woman's arms were not as strong as her tongue, and in her effort to pour the lye over the clothes the iron pot swung back and emptied its boiling contents over her foot. Her frantic cries brought her daughter to the spot.

"You wretch! You imp of Satan!" screamed the mother, turned to a very basilisk with pain. "You lover of Barabbas, with no other thought in your head but getting married! May you get the devil for a husband!"

Some time after this, an aspirant for the hand of Panfila presented himself—a most desirable suitor in every respect. He was young, handsome, well-mannered, and his pockets were well filled. There was no *but* in the gossips' report of him; even Aunt Holofernes could find none in her arsenal of negatives. As for Panfila, it needed little more to make her completely lose her senses with delight.

The day for the wedding was fixed, the usual presents from the mother of the groom arrived, and everything was proceeding as smoothly as a railroad, when, for some unaccountable reason, there arose an indefinable prejudice against the stranger, and it increased, notwithstanding he talked well, sang still better, was very benevolent, liberal, affable and friendly, cordially pressing the neighbors' hard, brown hands in his own white and jeweled fingers. But they were not at all overcome by so much courtesy; their heads were quite as hard as their hands, and they repulsed all his attempts at intimacy or good-fellowship.

Aunt Holofernes had also begun to look at him with suspicion. She studied him very closely, and at times she thought she perceived under his innocent curls which clustered on his brow two wicked protuberances.

She recalled with uneasy forebodings that day of sad memory when in her wrath and pain she had uttered that unpleasant imprecation against her daughter.

Finally the day of the wedding arrived. Aunt Holofernes had made tarts and reflections; the former were sweet, the latter were bitter; and she prepared also a liberal repast and a treacherous project, a barrel of generous wine and a plan that was anything but generous. The wedding-guests had mostly taken their departure, and the couple were about to start on their journey, when Aunt Holofernes slipped into her little sitting-room and closed up every door and window in the room, stopped up the fireplace and left no way of escape but the key-hole; then, calling her daughter, who had just come down-stairs dressed for her journey, she said:

"Take your husband in there, and take the piece of blessed palm which is over the mantel-piece and beat him with it. It is just a custom which insures that the wife shall be mistress in her own house," added the treacherous old woman.

Panfila, obedient for the first time in her life, did as her mother told her. The groom no sooner saw the blessed palm in the hands of his wife than he fled from her. His only place of escape was the keyhole, which he entered as easily as if it had the dimensions of a double folding door; for, as you, my friends, no doubt, as well as Aunt Holofernes, suspected, this fine, handsome well-mannered young man was neither more nor less than the devil himself, who, taking advantage of Aunt Holofernes's imprecation against her daughter, thought to regale himself with the festivities of a wedding and then carry off his wife to the lower regions, thus doing himself a favor which so many husbands beseech him to do for them.

But this gentleman, notwithstanding his reputation for shrewdness and cunning, found a mother-in-law who was quite a match for him (and Aunt Holofernes is not the only example of this kind). Therefore, hardly had his lordship entered the keyhole and begun to congratulate himself upon finding, as usual, a means of escape, than he found himself a prisoner in a small phial which his shrewd mother-in-law held to the keyhole. In the twinkling of an eye she thrust in the cork and hermetically sealed it. Her son-in-law besought her, in the most affectionate and pathetic terms to give him his liberty. He assured her of his undying affection and devotion; he remonstrated against this arbitrary measure as an outrage upon civil liberty. But when Aunt Holofernes took an idea into her head it was hard to get it out, and all the professions even from a *son-in-law* to a *mother-in-law* failed to move her. She started with the phial and its contents for a high, steep mountain, and wearily toiled to its very summit, which was a small, barren peak, and there she deposited her burden, making it serve as a crest to the mountain, and descended, waving him an affectionate adieu with her closed fist.

There his lordship remained ten years. Oh, sir, what a decade it was! The world was like a lake of oil. Each one minded his own business and did not interfere with his neighbor. No one coveted his neighbor's office nor his wife nor his ox nor his ass nor anything that was his. "Theft" became a meaningless word; fire-arms rusted; gun-powder was used only for fireworks; the insane were simply amusing; the prisons were emptied. There was but one deplorable event in this golden decade of years: The lawyers died of hunger and silence!

But, alas, such happiness must end like all things of this world, the eloquent discourses of the city fathers excepted. The end of this enviable period was brought about in this way:

A soldier named Briones obtained a furlough of a few days to visit Villagañanes, his native village. Being a stalwart fellow, fond of walking, he took a short-cut to the village over the mountain where Aunt Holofernes's son-in-law was spending his time cursing all mothers-in-law. Having reached the top, his eye fell upon the phial which crowned the summit. He took it and held it to the light. The devil, with ten years' long fast, with pining and the burning rays of the sun, looked very like a dried plum.

"What sort of an animal, what kind of a phenomenon is this?"

"I am the most respectable and deserving of persons, present company excepted," politely and humbly answered the prisoner. "A perfidious and treacherous mother-in-law has kept me here for ten years. Free me, valiant soldier, and I will give you any favor you ask."

"I want my discharge from the army," promptly answered Briones.

"You shall have it; but free me, free me at once."

Briones drew the cork a little and perceived a strange, sulphurous odor which went to his head and made him sneeze. He at once pushed back the cork giving it such a vigorous blow with his broad palm that the devil howled with rage and pain.

"What are you doing, you vile worm? You are worse than a mother-in-law!" he exclaimed.

"I am going to put other conditions to my services. I think the favor you ask is worth something more."

"What then are your conditions, you mercenary laborer in the cause of universal liberty?"

"You must give me four dollars a day while I live. Now reflect whether it is pleasanter to be shut up in a bottle or to roam the world at will."

"By Lucifer! By Beelzebub! I have no money, you avaricious wretch!"

"Come, friend, that was an answer worthy a minister of state, but it won't pass between you and me."

"You don't believe me? Well give me my liberty and I 'll help you make money, as I have helped a great many others; that is all I can do for you. So free me at once."

"Softly, softly, no one is hurrying us. Nothing is ever done in a hurry, except catching fleas. I want you to understand that I shall hold on to your tail until you fulfill your promise."

"You don't trust me, you insolent fellow!"

"No," answered Briones.

"What you ask is against my dignity," replied the devil, with all the haughtiness which a dried plum could exhibit.

"Then I am going," said Briones, beginning to descend the mountain.

"Come back—come back, my dear friend," screamed the devil. Then he said, aloud: "Return—return, generous liberator, and you may take me by the tail, or by the nose if you like," then to himself: "I will be even with him yet."

Briones returned and uncorked the phial.

The ex-prisoner stretched himself—he was a little stiff—and trotted down the mountain, cursing his fate.

"We 'll go to the court of Naples," said the devil over his shoulder to Briones. "The king has a beautiful daughter, whom he loves passionately. I 'll take possession of her and cause her such suffering that no physician will be able to help her. Meanwhile you can present yourself and offer to cure her, on condition that the king gives you a pension of four dollars a day for life. I will immediately cease to trouble her, the king will sign your pension, and our accounts will be settled."

When they arrived at Naples, the devil did as he promised, and the whole palace was filled with consternation at the illness of the princess, which none of the physicians could understand. The king was distracted with grief.

Briones soon presented himself, with all the presumption of one who knows that the devil is helping him.

The king accepted his services, but added that if he failed to cure his daughter in three days he should be hung.

Briones, sure of his success, accepted the conditions with the greatest alacrity.

Unfortunately, the devil heard the conversation and jumped with joy at the prospect of being so soon revenged.

This joyful emotion gave the princess such pain that she screamed and begged to have the physician taken out of her sight.

The next day the same scene was repeated. Briones knew that the devil was at one of his tricks, but he was not a man to lose his head.

On the third day, when Briones presented himself at the palace, the first thing that his eye fell upon was a gallows at the gate, prepared for the presumptuous physician who had pretended to cure the king's daughter. His heart sank a little, but he proceeded boldly to the apartments of the princess, who no sooner saw him than she fell into paroxysms of pain and screamed to her attendants to remove the dreadful impostor from her presence. The wrath of the king knew no bounds. The devil chuckled, saying to himself:

"Oh, if it were only Aunt Holofernes!"

"My resources are not exhausted," said Briones to the king. "I beg your majesty to allow me one more trial."

He then left the palace and gave orders, in the name of the princess, that all the church-bells should be rung.

On his return, the devil, who hates the sound of church-bells, and who is also very curious, stopped his antics to ask for what feast the bells were ringing.

"No feast," replied Briones. "It is only your mother-in-law who is coming, and they are ringing to welcome her."

On hearing this, the devil disappeared through the window. The relief of the princess was so great that she fell on the neck of the physician, declaring she would have no other man for her husband. And the following week Briones became the king's son-in-law.

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THE LION'S ILLNESS.

A Hottentot Fable

BY JOEL BENTON.

The Lion once was ill, 'tis said.
And when the news had widely spread,
All animals of feet or wing
Called on him in his suffering;
But one who knew the Lion's woe—
The cunning Jackal—wouldn't go;
Because, as far as he could learn,
The tracks which *went* did not *return*.

So him the Hyena accused,
And told the Lion he refused
Alone of every living thing
To feel his lordship's suffering.

Then said the Lion: "If 't is so,
I wish, my friend, that you would go;
And, though you chase him for a year,
Bring the hard-hearted Jackal here."

When this the Hyena had done,
The Lion to his guest begun:
"Oh, Jackal, why, when I was ill,
Did you keep off so far and still?"

"I did not, uncle, on my word;
For when your sore distress I heard,
Unto the doctor swift I flew
To see what he could do for you;
Besides, I did not go in vain—
He told me what would ease your pain,
He says: Draw this Hyena's skin,
And when 't is off get quickly in;
Health will be yours if you do so,
For this Hyena is your foe."

Then jumped the Lion in a trice
To take the Jackal's shrewd advice,
And, while his sheriff's skin he stripped,
To be in its warm folds equipped,
The Jackal ran with all his might,
And very soon was out of sight.

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THE THEORY OF PRUNING.

It is a curious and amusing fact that people in certain lines of thought get set ideas into their heads and having done this make everything else over to fit these particular notions.

A theory and practice, that to the layman seems most absurb, is that which recommends the pruning of the roots of trees in order to add to their health, strength and longevity. Apparently excellent reasons are given for the doing of this, but it certainly would strike the uninitiated as a peculiar way of obtaining the best results. This is to all intents and purposes taking away from the vitality, destroying a certain portion of the results, lopping off the avenues of subsistence in order to increase the strength and add to the thriftiness and growth of the plant.

Careful experiments in the hands of persons unhampered by these theories demonstrate that plants taken up in very dry weather and very gently handled may be transplanted with very little check to their growth. To do this successfully the ground must be be very dry and the earth actually pulverized about the roots, so as to fall from them without breaking the tiny fibers that furnish the best nutriment to the plants. If this is perfectly done and the plants are placed in a favorable situation, kept thoroughly drenched for twenty-four hours, and shaded for three or four days or a week, there is scarcely a perceptible diminution in their growth. Plants have been taken from the ground while in full bud, potted and removed to some distance from their native soil without the loss of a single bud, when under ordinary circumstances they would blast and drop off. Of course, the larger the plant or tree, the more difficult this is to manage, but that it can be done has been fully demonstrated time and again. The objection to this theory seems to be that it would be a much more expensive way of doing, and the tree or plant would be more difficult to move.

To take them from the earth in this way, a circle two or three times the usual size must be dug away, then the earth has to be crushed and crumbled with the hands, in order not to allow it by its bulk and weight to tear off the tiny rootlets. Having done this, the roots will occupy three or four times the space of those taken up in the usual way.

Just why it is not an advantage to have all these roots left on the tree is a puzzle to other than so-called scientific tree-planters. When the trees taken up in this fashion, with all their roots, are set in the ground, the fibers must be carefully spread out, arranging them as nearly as possible in their original shape. The earth must be slowly and evenly sifted over them, meanwhile showering them plentifully with water and pressing the soil firmly about them. When all is finished, the tops of the trees or plants may be cut in to some extent.

It is claimed that this takes just so much from the responsibility of the roots and that the plant is more likely to live. But will some of these wiseacres tell us what advantage can arise from cutting away live wood, necessarily containing the sap of the tree, then taxing the strength of the tree to heal the wounds caused by the cutting? The bark must necessarily close over them, or bare wood must be left, which always gives an opportunity for decay. While theories are good things to have, to be of the most value they must have common sense and sound reason to sustain them; and the theory of root-pruning has not these.

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THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

"I never realized what a slave to duty a minister's wife is until I spent a summer with my cousin, who is the wife of a country clergyman," said an independent, spirited woman. "During that visit I was a score of times at an actual white-heat of rage at what, for want of a milder term, I might have called the meddlesomeness of the members of that parish. That poor little woman literally didn't dare to say her soul was her own about a great many of her own private affairs. It is said that in China, if a man closes his doors or pulls down his shutters, some one immediately says: 'What can he be doing that he chooses to conceal,' and straightway the members of the community are wild with curiosity. It seemed to me that it was very much this way with my poor little cousin, for whatever she did without any explanation or without consulting the feminine members of the church was sure to be heard from afterward .

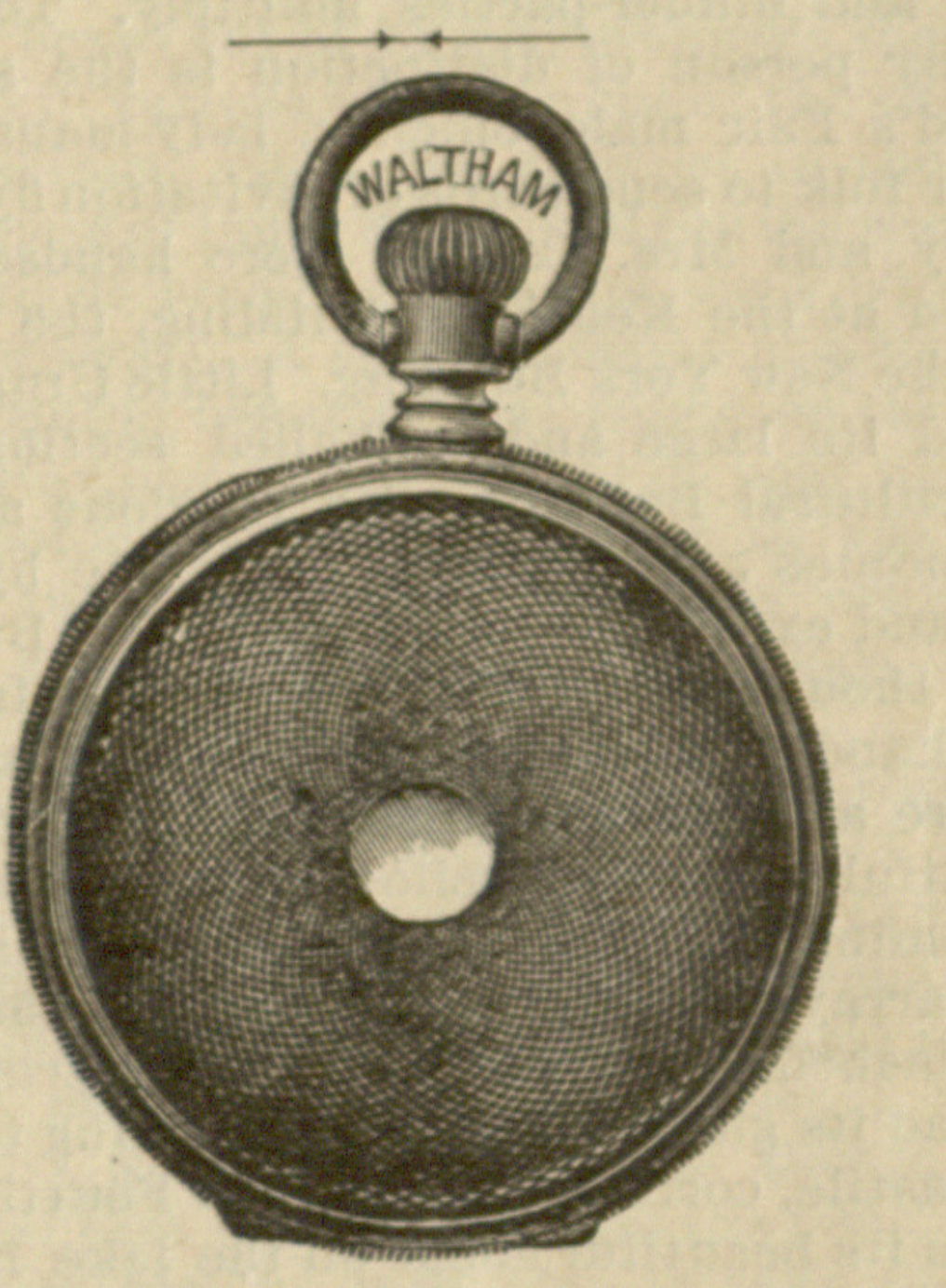
"She was a diplomatic creature and learned very early that it was possible to avoid trouble and comment by keeping her doors and windows open and apparently telling everybody everything she knew. All the same, however, she kept to herself, and that in the most decided way, the things that it was important that the community should not know. One of the most deeply interested mothers in Israel in that charge told me, one day, that they had never had a minister's wife who was so confiding, that she hadn't a thought that she kept to herself, and they loved her devotedly for it. It used to be a matter of wonder to me why it was that those women fancied they had a right to know the very innermost thoughts of their clergyman's wife and why they should love her in proportion as she opened the doors of her soul or, what was much more to the purpose, of her store-closets and pantries to their prying and not always particularly charitable eyes. But such was the case, and it required more time and management to conceal facts that were no business of these people and to which they had not the slightest right than to superintend the entire details of the rest of the household affairs.

"By some mysterious process or other that I, possibly because I was a prejudiced outsider, could not understand, these people seemed to feel that in taking the minister and his wife into the community they had acquired the right to pry into their most private affairs; that nothing they thought, said or did should be kept from the self-appointed censors of that church. I have never been able to comprehend why everybody should not mind his own business and let other people's affairs alone, even if those other people were the minister and his family. It is very little wonder that ministers' children frequently turn out badly, and that the old saying about their worthlessness has come to be a sort of proverb. Constant meddling, continual nagging, that prying espionage which is the most exasperating of all conditions to an independent spirit, is so exercised over the minister and his belongings that one may well ask why any grace is left in their hearts. It would be a good idea to organize a mind-your-own-business league in every church in the land, and to establish as the fundamental rule of its existence the precept: Whatever you do, don't imagine that you own mentally, morally, bodily and spiritually the minister or his wife and children."

[The great watch factories have made a special reduction in Waltham and Elgin watches; and having reduced our prices accordingly, we hasten to give our subscribers the advantage of this reduction.]

A FAMILY OFFER.

Watches for Our Subscribers and Readers at Much Less than the Usual Price.



The *Ledger* will purchase for its subscribers Waltham and Elgin watches at prices much less than they can buy them of any jeweler. Every one knows the excellence of these watches, and that they are the best in the world for anything like the money; but many are compelled to purchase foreign counterfeits simply because they cannot purchase the genuine without paying two or three prices. The *Ledger* has selected watches which represent the best value for the money of any watches yet made. The *Ledger* is the Great Family Paper, and it proposes to furnish watches suitable for every member of the families who read the *Ledger*, whether they are subscribers or buy the *Ledger* from their newsdealer. If you wish to buy any of these watches, and are a reader who buys his *Ledger* from a newsdealer, please send us the name and address of your newsdealer with your order.

WALTHAM REPEATERS.

Men's Size Watches Which Strike the Hours and Minutes.

No. 1 (New)—Old No. 1 Discontinued.—When the great American Waltham Watch Company began the manufacture of striking watches, or "repeaters," the expense attending upon their production was so great that only the rich could afford to purchase them. The advantages which a striking clock possesses over a non-striking one are multiplied in the case of the watch. In the darkness of the night, in the midst of a crowd, in the moment of danger, in the thousand and one cases when the impossibility of telling the time only makes the need of it more urgent, the repeater comes to the front and stays there.

The Waltham repeater is a full-jeweled watch with nickel works. The watch is adjusted to heat and cold, possesses an improved patent safety pinion, a patent micrometer regulator (so simple that any one can use it) and a striking apparatus consisting of two silver-toned bells which strike the exact time within five minutes whenever a spring outside the watch is touched.

The case of the watch is worthy of the works. It is a 14-carat gold-filled hunting-case, with the ring, joint plugs, striking spring and all parts subjected to constant wear of solid gold.

The list-price of these repeaters has been brought down to $100, a very reasonable sum for the article offered; but the amount is still large for many who really need them, and so the *Ledger* has managed to make terms to have them delivered, carefully packed, insured and guaranteed for one year, for $80, a saving of $20 to the subscriber.

As these repeaters will not be ready for delivery before July 1, would-be purchasers should send in their names at once for registration, and watches will be delivered in the order in which the names are received. Registration implies no obligation to purchase unless persons wish to do so when the delivery begins.

Few offers have ever equaled this one of a durable repeating watch in a 14-carat hunting-case, list-price, $100; to *Ledger* subscribers, only $80.

WATCHES FOR MOTHERS.

No. 4 is a solid 14-k. gold engraved Hunting Case watch, ladies' size. The works (either Waltham or Elgin) contain eleven jewels, stem-wind and set and all improvements. This watch, like all the rest, is an accurate time-keeper. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for $25.00.

No. 5 is the same as No. 4, but the case is gold filled; guaranteed to wear twenty years. Price, delivered to any subscriber, $17.25.

WATCHES FOR THE SONS.

No. 9 for boys is the best watch in the world, being strong, handsome and accurate. Price $5.50.

No. 10 is a Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver, 2-ounce case, Open Face or Hunting. Delivered to any subscriber for $10.00.

THE LEDGER SPECIAL WATCH.

This is a watch suitable for a father or son. We call it "The *Ledger* Special Watch," because, as patriotic Americans, we are especially proud of this production of American industry. The movement (or works) is made according to the celebrated Waltham Riverside model. The case is a gem of the jeweler's art, being a gold-filled case, with two heavy sheets of 14-k. gold, making a case that is for all purposes as good as solid gold, and warranted for twenty years.

Price to our subscribers, $16.75, and they can have either Open Face or Hunting Case. We feel confident that all who buy this watch will think as highly of it as we do, and be just as proud of it, too.

POINTS TO REMEMBER.

No watches sent C. O. D. Every watch will be sent in perfect condition. Should any watch be damaged in the mails, the subscriber should return it to this office at once. The *Ledger* guarantees satisfaction in every case, and if the subscriber is convinced that his watch is not as advertised his money will be refunded within reasonable time. All watches are stem-winders and setters.

These prices do *not* include a subscription. A subscriber may buy as many watches as he likes from us and at our greatly reduced prices. But only the subscribers to the *Ledger* or those who buy the *Ledger* at the news-stands can buy at these prices. If you want a watch, and are not a subscriber, you can become a subscriber by adding to your remittance $2.00 for a year's subscription to the *Ledger*, and then you can purchase any of our watches.

In ordering, be careful to name the number of the offer, the kind of case, and whether Open Face or Hunting. Say whether an Elgin or Waltham is preferred, also please state the price of the watch you want.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

Address all letters and remittances to
ROBERT BONNER'S SONS,
Ledger Office, New York City.

FROM THE WORLD'S FOUR CORNERS.

BY HELEN MARSHALL NORTH.

The Social Life of the World's Fair is one of its most interesting features; and as the season advances, receptions, tea-drinkings, concerts and dinner-parties multiply. The advent of any person of distinction is the signal for World's Fair male officials, lady-managers and lesser folk to send cards of invitation flying. Secretary and Mrs. Carlisle were handsomely received at the Kentucky Building, the Woman's and the New York Building. Little Uruguay dedicated its large and well-filled section in the Agricultural Building with religious and other ceremonies and surprised every one by the extent and excellence of her products. Brazil sent out a thousand invitations to the opening of her very handsome building, with its cool, airy architecture and elegant furnishings, in which the beautiful green and yellow of her national flag predominated. The handsome Brazilian belles were arrayed in delicate green, and their black eyes flashed mischief to masculine hearts. France has had its glorious day of celebrating the fall of the Bastile, corresponding to our Fourth of July, and in its beautiful house on the lake front and on the pretty lawn, all hung with the red, white and blue, sang the "Marseillaise" a score or more times in joyful succession. Sweden has had three days of rejoicing and festival music, and altogether the nations of the world are out in their glory at the Columbian Exposition.

The Ten Thousand and more people who were wedged in the throng that pressed about the burning Cold-Storage Building at the World's Fair, when twenty brave firemen leaped one by one into the flaming furnace below, will never forget the horrible sight which they were forced to see. Five women fainted outright, and strong men wept and wrung their hands as the rope on which the hopes of the firemen were placed burned in two and left no alternative but a fearful death. The fund generously started for the widows and orphans of these martyrs to some one's carelessness has reached the sum of one hundred thousand dollars; but no money can make good these vacant places. Four officials of the Fair and the company owning the building have been indicted for their responsibility in this matter and for neglecting to make secure a building whose dangerous construction had been repeatedly pointed out to them, and in which a half-dozen fires had previously caught.

Teachers of Every Name gathered at the Educational Congress held at the Art Institute in Chicago, and the best methods of instruction in art, manual, kindergarten and public schools were fully discussed. Peculiar interest attached to the Deaf-Mute Congress and the religious services preceding it, which were silently celebrated, the silent congregation sitting with open eyes as prayers and hymns were spelled out in the sign language by Doctor Gallaudet and others interested in these unfortunate people. The deaf-mutes have an extensive and interesting exhibit of their work in the Liberal Arts Department of the Fair.

Interesting Experiments as to the ability of animals in counting have been made by a Russian physician, who estimates that a horse can count to twenty-five, a dog to ten and a cat to six. A single illustration will show the physician's method. The horse of a certain peasant had the habit of stopping to rest from plowing when he reached the twentieth furrow, and could not be induced to take the rest until the full twenty furrows had been finished. The doctor tried an experiment with another horse and found that twenty or, at the most, twenty-five, was the limit of the animal's memory.

Mr. William Waldorf Astor appears to English eyes as a quiet, unobtrusive man of thirty-five, with a pleasant, open countenance and a broad forehead, indicating an active intellectual mind. He dresses in a most unpretending manner and wears no jewelry, save a single ring and a small watch-chain. His treasures of money are stored in a remarkable strong-room of riveted steel, over which is an inch and a half of solid concrete, which could only be removed by slow and patient drilling. The solid steel door, with its complicated lock, weighs about two and a half tons.

The Stanford University of California is the most liberally endowed institution in the world. By the death of Senator Stanford its resources were largely increased, and at the death of Mrs. Stanford the income of its investments will be many millions. With this magnificent provision and the power of money to bring together the best professors, the best physical appliances and the best of the world's literature, the California youth should furnish some of the best citizens in the country for the coming generations.

Lieutenant Peary and the good ship *Falcon* have again sailed away, with unusually fine equipment, to find that illusive North Pole. At the end of three months the *Falcon* will be sent back, and in two years will be fitted out again and sent for the polar travellers.

H. H. Wylie, the noted bicycle rider, recently made the trip from New York to Chicago in ten days, three hours and thirty-nine minutes.

Col. Fred Grant's resemblance to his father has become very striking during his residence in Vienna.

Mrs. William Walter Phelps, wife of ex-Minister Phelps, has crossed the Atlantic sixty-five times.

The Snake River opal fields of Idaho are producing some beautiful and valuable stones.

Hiccoughs too freely indulged in proved the death of an old man in Massachusetts.

President Cleveland never wears gloves, whether the weather be cold or warm.

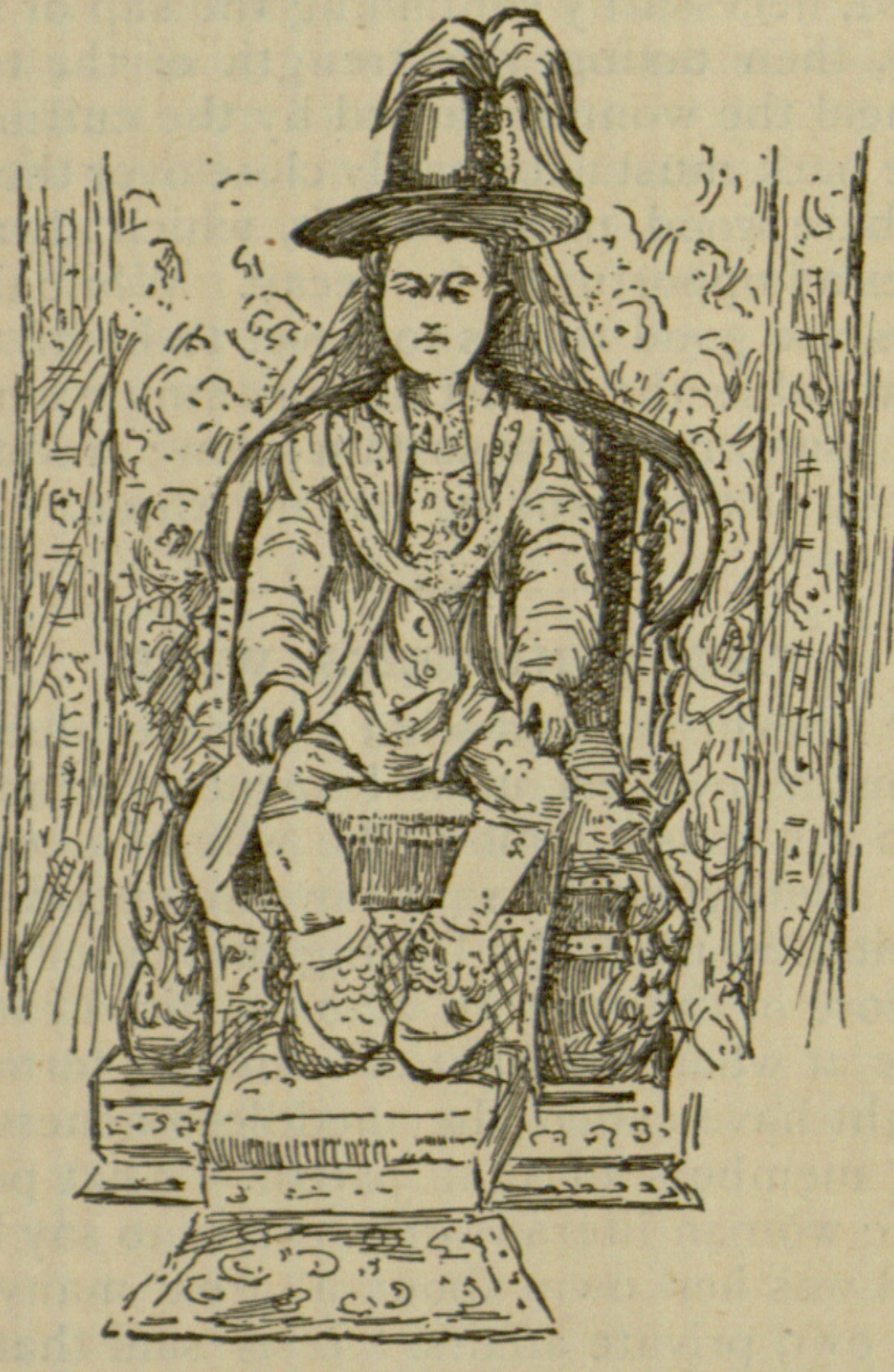
China has six armored vessels where the United States has but three.

CHILDREN ALL OVER THE WORLD.

The Young Prince of Siam.

You have, perhaps, heard of the difficulty which Siam is now having with France. It is not a very great affair, because Siam, although a rich country, is not a large one, and it is likely that the Siamese people will soon make peace with their French neighbors.

But it is about the Siamese crown-prince that you should know. He is a little boy, only ten years of age; but already there is a bride picked out for him, and he is compelled to spend a part of each day seated in a chair upon his father's throne. He hears all the laws which his father makes, and when he becomes king he will be able to rule the country without a great deal of assistance from his cabinet.



THE SIAMESE CROWN-PRINCE.

The dress which the Siamese crown-prince wears when he is seated on the throne is a cloth-of-gold coat trimmed with white ermine. Upon his legs are purple stockings, embroidered with gold, and his feet are encased in very large gold moccasins. His hat is like the hats in the Mother-Goose stories—

> "Very broad of brim and very high of crown,
> And coming away down, down, down."

The hat is purple, with white plumes upon it.

What Is an Opal?

There is a beautiful little story told about the opal, that delicate stone which you have no doubt seen in rings and bracelets. The story is that the opal was long ago promised to anybody who could discover it. It lay hidden away, so the old fortune-tellers used to say, at the place "where the sunlight and the moonlight joined" each other, and whoever could find that spot would be rewarded by a quantity of large, beautiful opals.

After a long search for the place "where the sunlight and moonlight joined" each other, the place was found by a Spanish traveller, who followed up the rays of the setting sun; and when he had reached the end of the last ray, he waited until the moonbeams shone upon the earth and there he found the opals. They are said to be very lucky stones for those who are born in the fall of the year and very unlucky for those born in the spring. Of course, it is only a saying that these are lucky or unlucky, but the rest of the story is true, as you will believe if you look in the heart of an opal and see the pink tints of the sun and the blue rays of the moon nestling in the middle of it.

Pretty Summer Necklaces.

Pretty summer necklaces for little girls may be made by carving plum-pits into fancy shapes. The pit is soft and cuts easily—about as easily as a bit of pine wood. Little holes must be bored into each of the pits with the sharp point of the knife, so that they may all be strung together to make the necklace as long as is desired. Peach-pits make even prettier necklaces than plum-pits on account of their pretty color, and because the outside is rough and looks as if it were already carved.

What The Steam Says.

Did you ever hear the steam come puffing out of an engine? It goes: "Choo! Choo!" And when you hear it you know that the engine is in motion, and it is not safe to get too near it. Some one who understands the language of steam and knows all about it, says that "Choo! Choo!" is another way of saying: "Shoo! Shoo!" or "Run away! Run away!" It is the steam's way of telling boys and girls to be careful.

In a Pail of Sand.

A little boy at the seashore shoveled his little wooden pail until it was full of sand. Then he counted the grains of sand, and when they were all counted he said there were exactly one million nine hundred and fifty-eight thousand seven hundred and sixty-three grains.

Count your next pailful of sand and see if you agree with him.

Correspondence

Agreeing to Differ.—W. D. M. says: "As usual, I'm in trouble about a love affair, and I come to you for advice. There is a girl I have known from infancy, I might almost say. She is refined, pure, honorable, intellectual. We have always lived neighbors, and she has ever been the one needful in times of sickness, till I regarded her as a sister. She seemed like a sister, advising and warning me, but now, like other girls, she is flirting and nonsensical. Some time since I asked her if she thought we could marry and live happily. She told me she did not know, but was willing to try, if I thought best. We have talked it all over but can't decide. The trouble is this: She is a Democrat, and rabid; I am a Republican, and ditto. She is an Episcopalian; I a Methodist, if anything. We can't agree in opinion on a single thing. I dearly love music; she does not. This seems trifling, but will the breach widen or grow narrow by marriage? We never get angry arguing, nor do we ever agree. I like her principles, but not her opinions. I can't say I love the girl dearly, *passionately* or anything of that style. I admire and honor her, and it always makes me angry to hear one jest about her. Her very name is dear to me, and, to analyze my feelings, I look on her more as a sister than a sweetheart. Tell me what to do." *Answer:* Did ever Cupid encounter such difficulties before? We really doubt if he has been there at all. Politics, denomination, and many other things vanish into thin air before the eyes of real lovers. We think you had better wait until you both become much more sensible or much less so. A man's gallantry must be weak when a true woman whom he asks in marriage declares herself willing to make the experiment, and he yields to difficulties like these. Did you not know of all these contrarieties when you asked her?

Chinese Theatre in New York.—A. inquires: "What and where is the Chinese theatre in New York? Please give a description of it." *Answer:* The theatre is conducted by the Chinese Opera Company, and is located in Doyers Street near Mott Street, in a room about forty feet in width and perhaps sixty feet in length. The seats gradually rise from the stage. They are benches, with backs a little higher than ordinary chair-backs. There is an aisle in the center and on each side. No women or children are allowed in the audience. The spectators loll unceremoniously and smoke, and wear their hats if they wish. The stage extends the full width of the hall. It is raised about three feet. The orchestra occupies a recess in the rear. Door-frames, with narrow gilt molding, draped, are at each side, and through them all entrances and exits are made. The price of admittance lowers as the night advances. A full description of the Chinese theatre in New York is given in Number 42, Volume 47, of the *Ledger*, dated October 31, 1891.

"Keeping Company."—K. writes: "I have been keeping company with a young lady for over a year, without the least intention of marrying her. I am only eighteen and she is nineteen. I have often told her that if any one only hinted anything about marrying to her, I would put myself out of the way; but she assured me that she never intended to marry, etc. I should like to know whether I'm doing right in still continuing to see her. She seems to like me, and is always glad when I come, which is generally two or three times a week." *Answer:* You most probably are winning the young lady's affections without any intention on your part, as you avow, of marrying her. This is all wrong. Do you not know that she cannot be in earnest when she says that she has no intention ever to marry? And how ridiculous is your proposition to leave, upon a hint that any one else wishes to marry her! Who is going to give such a hint while you remain in the way, apparently her accepted lover? Quit, if you do not intend to marry her.

An Accident.—Houston writes: "I am compelled to ask your advice in a case of mine. I attended a party a few nights ago. While at supper, in passing a cup of coffee to a young lady, I unfortunately spilled a few drops of coffee on her dress. I appologized at the time to her, all I thought was necessary, and she seemed to be satisfied; but she, after that, got very mad with me. Now what I want to ask you is: Should I again appologize to her or leave her to take her own time in getting in a good humor?" *Answer:* Leave her to take her own time; and in future mind your "p's" and "q's," both in your letters and in your labors in waiting on the ladies.

Coin Premiums.—J. L. C. inquires: "Is there any premium on the California gold dollars and and fifty-cent pieces of the date of 1854?" *Answer:* Coin dealers pay varying prices. The coins being State issues are not legal tender; and, at bullion value, the dollar is worth only about sixty-five cents and the half-dollar about twenty-eight cents. Still, some coin-collectors pay high prices for them.

Gallery Gods. (O. A. K.)—This expression had its origin in Drury Lane Theatre, London, many years ago. The ceiling of the theatre was a medley of clouds and Cupids, and some facetious person spoke of the Cupids as auditors, calling them "gallery gods." The people who occupied the upper tiers of seats, sat "up among the gallery gods," and soon came to be classed with them.

The Telautograph.—Questioner asks what it is. *Answer:* The telautograph is a new invention, by means of which the handwriting of the sender of a message is produced in *fac-simile.* Sketches, figures or anything that can be done with a pen or pencil are accurately reproduced.

⁂ Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.

Science

Sea-Air and Mountain-Air. Without regard to exceptional cases, sea-air is moist, whilst mountain-air is dry; sea-air is heavy, whilst mountain-air is light; sea-air is equable, whilst mountain-air is subject to sudden oscillations of temperature. As regards some points, the relation between sea-air and mountain-air is one not of contrast but of similarity. Thus both are noted for their purity, and both are rich in ozone. The purity of the air of the ocean and of high elevations (in the absence of any special local cause of contamination) is as nearly as possible absolute. "Sea-air," says the *Lancet,* "contains a foreign element which can hardly be regarded as a contamination —viz., fine particles of salt water, 'sea-dust,' blown about and forming an appreciable element in the air of respiration. The amount of cloud—a very important factor for the individual—varies much both at sea and in the mountains. Turning to the physiological action of sea-air and mountain-air, we may say that both are tonic—*i. e.*, both tend to heighten vitality and to improve nutrition; whilst mountain-air is always stimulant, sea-air is either stimulant or sedative—*i. e.*, mountain-air excites the nervous system, whilst sea-air may either excite or soothe it, according to circumstances which we shall indicate presently. The tonic effect of sea-air and mountain-air depends probably upon their purity and richness in ozone. The stimulant action of mountain-air may be explained by its lightness and rarefaction and, to a large degree also, by its purity, richness in ozone and by the high average of sunshine which prevails at many mountain resorts. Sea-air may be stimulant or sedative, according to the nature of the local shelter and the character of the prevailing winds. If the situation be open, and the prevailing winds moderately cool and dry, sea-air will be stimulant. It will be sedative when the conditions are of an opposite nature. Sea-air and mountain-air, both being tonic, will probably improve the health that is already fairly good. Children almost invariably do well at the seaside, whilst mountain resorts are in general much less suitable for them. Dyspepsia, especially if of hepatic origin, often does badly at the seaside, but well in the mountains. Skin diseases, especially eczema, are often aggravated by the sea-air. It is not clear that mountain-air has any effect upon them. The existence of rheumatism, cardiac disease or renal disease is usually a sufficient reason for placing a veto on the mountains. Bronchitis and emphysema do badly in the mountains, but often well at the more sheltered marine resorts. Mild degrees of insomnia are often much benefited both at the seaside and amongst the mountains. Incipient phthisis often does well both at the seaside and amongst the mountains, and it is one of the most difficult points in therapeutics to choose wisely between the two."

A Curious Surgical Case. A man aged sixty-five was admitted into the Melbourne Hospital, suffering from a cut throat, the injury having been recently inflicted with a razor. The epiglottis was completely severed from the thyroid cartilage. The patient was collapsed, pale and cold, and there was free bleeding, both from veins and arteries, which was immediately arrested by forcible pressure. Under chloroform Surgeon Fitzgerald at once performed tracheotomy and introduced a breathing-tube; he then stitched the epiglottis to the thyroid cartilage with catgut, closed the wound in the membrane and finally closed the external wound with wire and horsehair sutures, leaving a drainage-tube at either end. The wound was dressed with iodoform and perchloride of mercury gauze, a cardboard splint was applied to the neck, and the head was kept fixed by a cap and bandage. The patient was so weak that he twice nearly died during the operation, artificial respiration having to be performed, with intermittent pressure over the heart. Afterward his pulse quickly improved and his breathing was perfectly easy, no blood having made its way into the windpipe during the operation. The subsequent course of the case was quite uneventful. He was fed by the mouth on the next day. The tracheotomy-tube was removed on the fifth day, the drainage-tube on the left side on the sixth day, and that on the right on the ninth day. There was a little purulent discharge from the right angle of the wound, but the rest healed by first intention. The patient was discharged twenty-one days after admission, but the wound had then been already healed for nearly a week. He was able to speak perfectly.

The road law of Michigan providing that the users of wide wagon-wheel tires shall have a rebate of one-half of their road tax is an inducement which works great advantage to the taxpayer, to the roads and to the public. According to a writer in *Good Roads,* "it is estimated that with broad tire on wagons, carriages and buggies all public highways can be kept in very much better condition than is now possible, at one-fourth the cost of the present system. In the matter of road reform the first essential seems to be the widening of the tires of the vehicles."

Touch the convex side of a watch-glass upon water so as to leave a drop hanging on the glass. Pour a little ether into the concave side and blow upon it. The rapid evaporation of the ether will render the glass so cold that the drop of water will be frozen.

An auger that bores a square hole consists of a screw auger in a square tube, the corners of which are sharpened from within. As the auger advances, pressure on the tube cuts square the round hole.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

All questions which may be asked on the subjects treated in this Department will be answered in the Correspondence column.

Fashion Notes.

It is one of the greatest mistakes of people of moderate means to make their little girls up into young ladies before they are half grown. Childhood and girlhood are too desirable to fritter away in a medley of clothes, fussiness, ceremony and worry about personal appearance. The time spent on such things is much better used if given to study, the improvement of the mind and the care of the body with exercise and amusement to keep them in healthy condition.

There is a time in the life of every girl and boy when they seem to be all arms and legs, hands and feet, and are as sprawling and ungraceful as one could imagine. At this time, much may be done by judicious dressing to modify their shortcomings, and it is well to bring them through this period of embarrassment as easily as possible.

Girls of fifteen when of medium height and figure have the dresses just above the instep. When they are very tall and mature-looking they are worn longer; but when they are small and rather childish, the dresses need not be so long. This is, however, often a matter of taste with those who have charge of their wardrobes.

A very stylish hat for a girl is of chip. The brim is rather wider than that of the average sailor and is rolled up at the back and slightly pinched in at the sides. The trimming is of loops of wide ribbon with a few daises, some black-eyed susans or plain soft bird-wings.

A comfortable and appropriate dress for a child is a striped gingham with narrow ruffles at the hem, full sleeves with narrow cuffs, a full waist with turned-over collar and a short Zouave jacket with some pointed trimming or with gimp edged with little drops.

A pretty English dress for a girl of fourteen is of cashmere in the color most becoming. It is made with straight skirt and round waist with leg-o'-mutton sleeves. A yoke and shoulder ruffles with shirred belt are of soft bengaline, surah or ottoman silk.

The new colors in duck and piqué make very desirable dresses for girls of all ages. They come in tan, blue and white and various mixtures. White is among the favorites, but is usually reserved for more dressy wear.

The people who are able to buy the best goods, those of them at least who are considered as entitled to the designation of leaders of society, dress their girls in the plainest fashion.

There is nothing more becoming to a growing girl, who may be somewhat angular and possibly a trifle awkward in her movements, than the soft blouse and jacket.

Girls of twelve and fourteen years wear chally, gingham and similar cotton goods, and for travelling or mountain wear, flannel, serge or medium-weight camels'-hair.

Skirts of medium-weight wool material with shirred waists of cheviot or blouses of surah or any of the pretty cambrics are much liked.

Tiny girls may be picturesque and fluffy-looking, but it is much better for growing girls to be dressed in the simplest fashion.

Girls wear hair-ribbons matching the leading color in the dress. It is also well to have the ribbon on the hat to match.

Growing girls, quite as much as their grown-up sisters, need have special attention paid to harmony in color.

Quill-feathers, wings and small birds are among the most popular hat and bonnet trimmings.

Browns of all shades and blue and green in the darker hues are preferred for street wear for girls.

Women's Underwear.

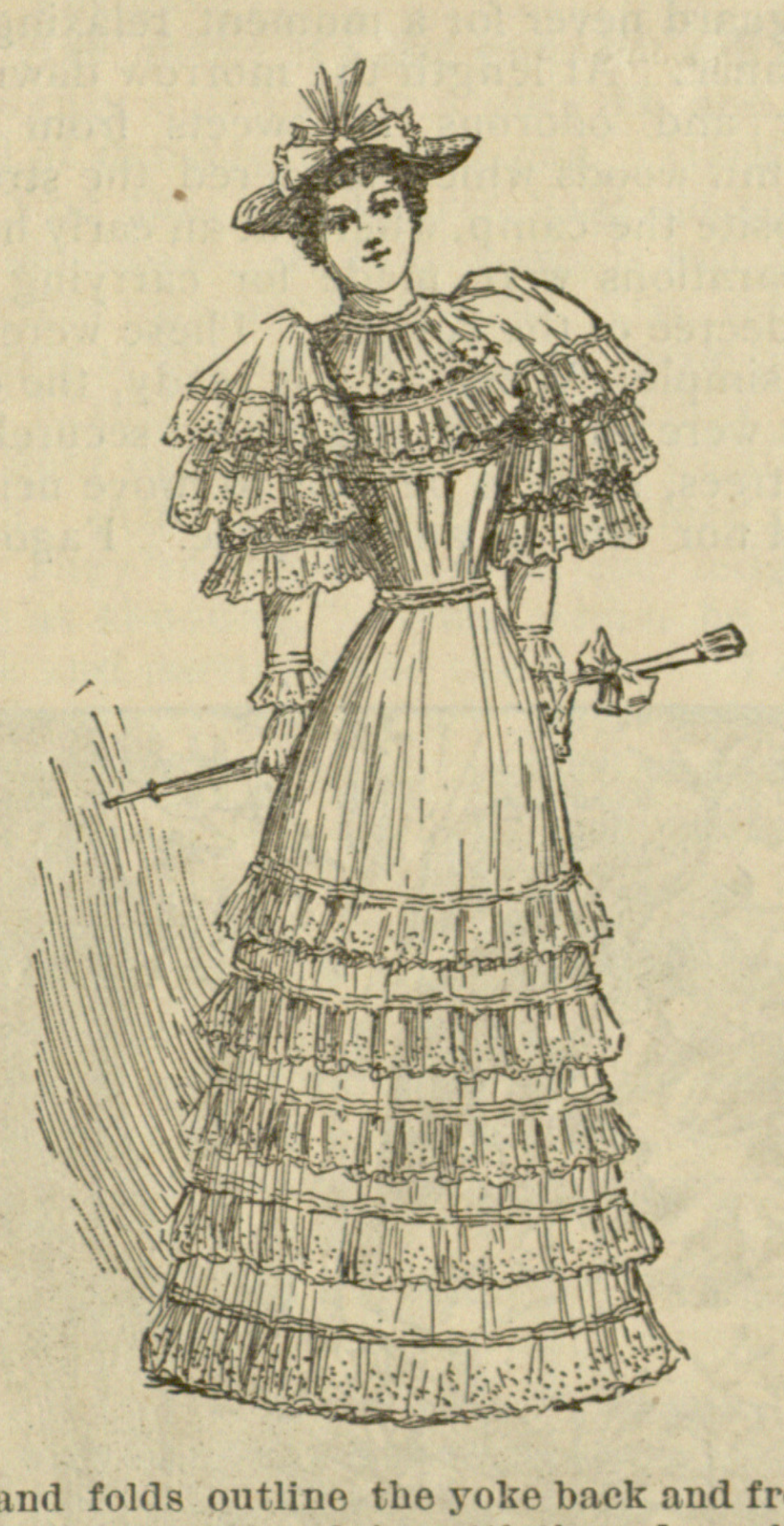
It took a great many years to revolutionize feminine underwear, but the task once begun went steadily on until the underwear of a century ago would be the subject of no little amusement, could it be exhibited by the side of the dainty articles of the present day. There are special styles and garments for special use, and one of the newest fancies is that of tinted percale for travelling wear. It is not argued that it is good, for the same reason that the old woman chose her china—because it was colored and didn't show dirt—but because, in going about where one must of necessity put up with all sorts of indifferent laundry-work, the garments come into hand again relatively in a much better condition than white ones, which are often so yellow or so blue as to be a positive offense to delicate sensibilities. The short skirt, corset-cover, drawers and night-dress are of this tinted cambric; the silk or balbriggan undervest is, of course, in an écru tint, and the carelessness and inefficiency of the wash-woman is not as apparent. The black silk, gloria, sateen or percaline petticoat is very much liked for travelling, and some ladies are using brilliantine and mohairs of various grades.

It is said, and most women smile at the suggestion, that white hose are to come into general use again; all the same, we do not believe it and will not until it comes. For travelling wear, gray or ecru is desirable; black may be worn, but black shows dust more readily than almost any other color, and in many localities this becomes quite annoying. If Russia or tan shoes are worn, the hose may match them, and these for travelling are commended. Light-colored shoes will not, it is claimed, draw the feet as much as dark; many, however, consider this a matter of individual opinion.

A lady who is ultra-fastidious in all of her belongings has the finest of linen lawn handkerchiefs in pale blue for travelling wear, and all of her underwear is in the same shade. The trimming is of linen edging and very neat and dainty-looking. All the gathers are drawn in with soft white linen braids that need not be removed when laundered, but merely untied and smoothed out. When required, it is an easy matter to draw them up and tie in bows, thus avoiding the bother of threading the ribbons in, as is usually the case. A square of linen with a narrow edging is very convenient to put around the neck inside of the blouse or waist. This may be drawn up around the throat, and not only keeps the dust away from the collar but absorbs the perspiration and makes one cooler. A little careful attention to such accessories is amply repaid by the comfort and convenience experienced in their use.

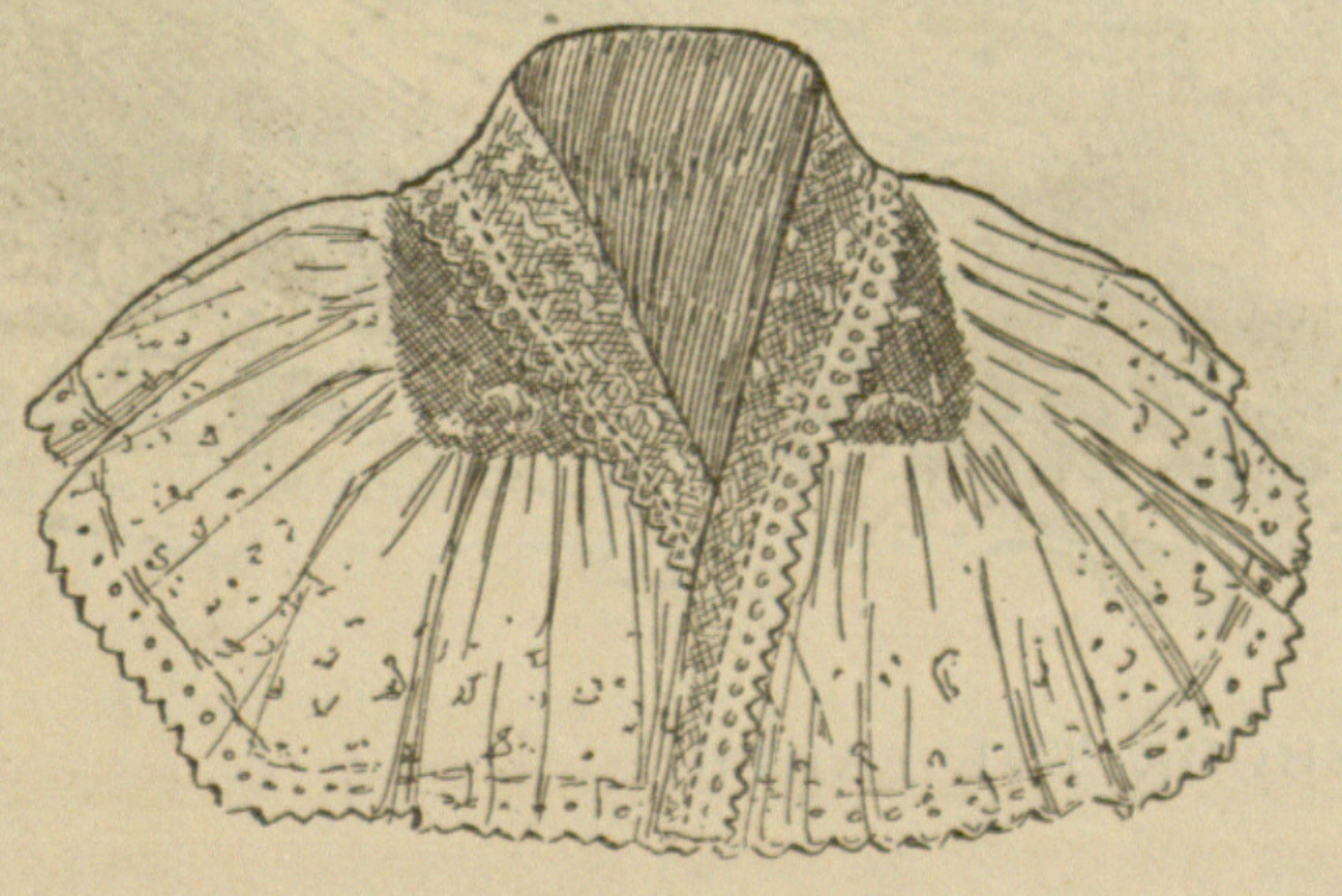
Costume of Japanese Crape.

Bell skirt made over a silk foundation, trimming of lace ruffles with ribbon heading or silk folds matching the crape in color. Round waist with front and back shirred in at the belt. The lace and folds outline the yoke back and front; the sleeves are quite plain, with three deep shoulder flounces edged with lace and trimmed with folds, lace ruffles at cuffs. The parasol is of silk matching the costume and trimmed with the same lace. Flat hat with loops of ribbon and aigrettes.



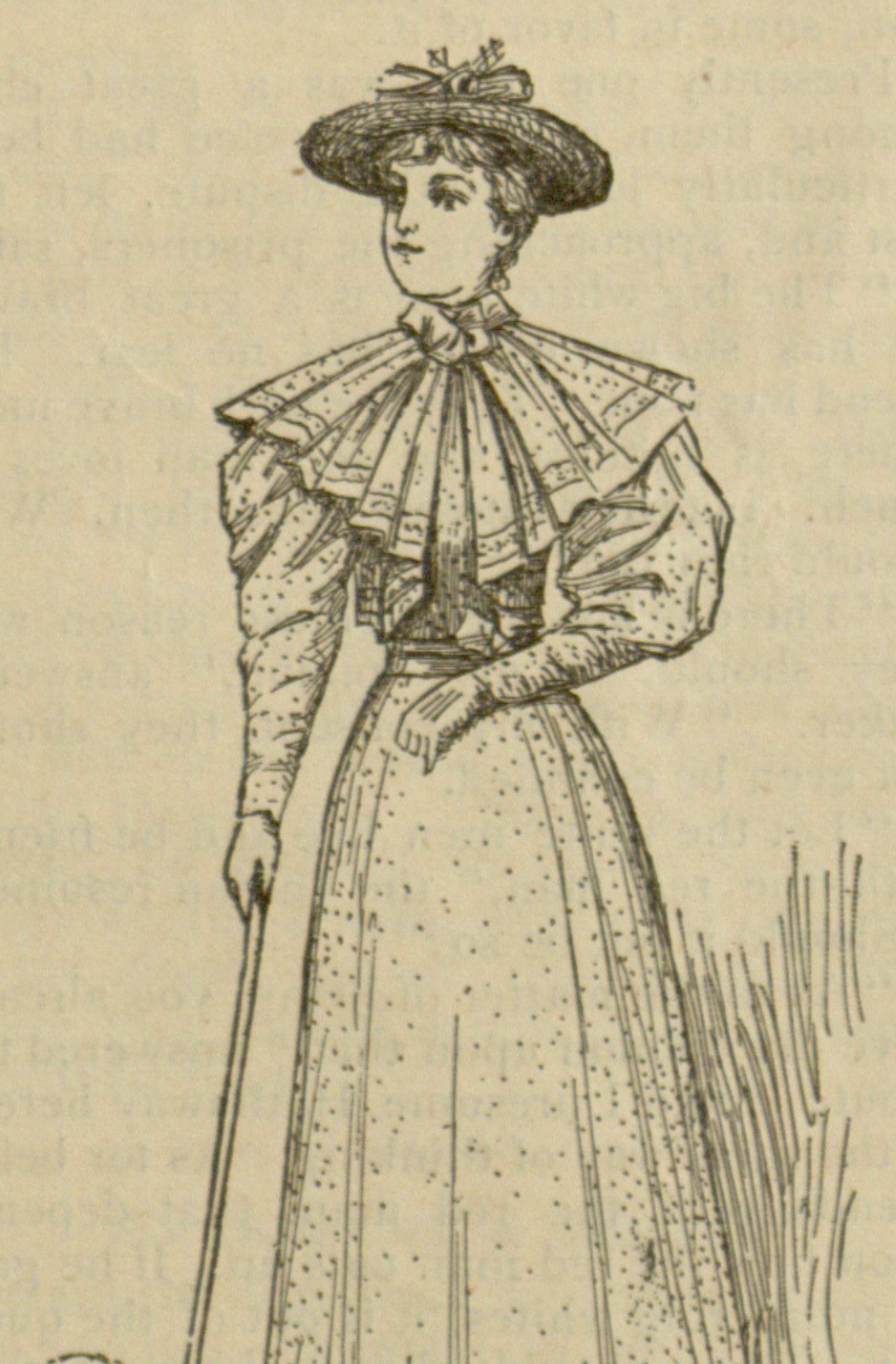
Stylish Collar.

Collar of lace and embroidery. A square-cornered yoke-shaped foundation is of embroidery or may be of satin or silk. This also may be embroidered or beaded. The turned-over portion is of lace, narrowed in as shown in the illustration. The deep ruffle is of any sort of thin, fine lace to match the turned-over piece.



Morning-Dress.

Dress of cambric or gingham for morning wear in the country. Bell-skirt, with ruffle of the material edged with fancy braid or insertion. Plain waist and very full leg-o'-mutton sleeves. Plaited ruffle extending from the collar over the tops of the sleeves. Plain collar and belt, with rosette bows of ribbon. Sailor hat trimmed with braids and grasses.



The Care of Babies.

"A great deal of this talk about the dangers of the second summer might well be called by another name," said a physician in an interview the other day. "I can diagnose the case in two words but I suppose it wouldn't do to proclaim aloud my particular views on the subject. The sum and substance of the whole matter is comprehended in just the two words, carelessness and conceit. Eliminate these from the average mother's treatment of her baby, and you strike out with them ninety-nine hundredths of the sources of disease. I firmly believe that nineteen children out of twenty that are in a normal condition at birth could be brought safely to the beginning of their third year if strict attention to their requirements could be observed, and if the mothers of the little darlings could be brought, for one instant, to realize that their babies are precisely like the babies of other people.

"From the moment the mother assumes the care of her own child, she is either so fussy about her diet that she provides too little sustenance for the infant, in which case she greatly plumes herself on her care and discrimination, or she swings clear over to the other extreme and gorges herself on all sorts of indigestible food and poisons the source of the milk supply thereby throwing the child into all of the dangers of convulsions, fevers, summer complaint and non-assimilative conditions.

"One of the first lessons for the nursing mother to learn is that a simple nutritious and abundant diet is the best preventive of infantile diseases. To furnish proper nutriment, to give it at regularly fixed times, to keep the child as clean as possible without washing it to death, and as one of the most important of all items, keep out of the child's mouth everything but its natural food. These are prime factors in the raising of a healthy and good-natured baby. An abundance of water to drink is also an imperative necessity. The water should be filtered then boiled. This is the latest dictum of the most advanced medical schools. Let the child drink all it will. After it once learns, and it should be taught with the utmost care, it will give evidence of delight at the familiar spoon and cup that brings the cooling draught of water.

"In teaching the child to drink it is a good plan to give a little milk and water at the first. Give it from the same spoon with which it is to be fed afterward. A very slight suggestion of sugar may induce the babe to take the sip if it seems reluctant or needs much urging. Indeed, it should never be urged unduly, as this often produces timidity that it is almost impossible to eradicate. If it fears or dreads the spoon, give it into its hands to play with until it becomes familiar with it. As soon as it can use its arms freely the spoon will go to its mouth; then the trouble is at an end. Confine the child strictly to this treatment for at least eight months. If the mother is in reasonably healthy condition, nothing further is required. If the child does not flourish or seems fretful or delicate, it is possible that it is not sufficiently nourished, and some additional food should be provided, but this should in every case be of the same general character as milk. Under no circumstances let the child eat fruit, vegetables or meats.

"One of the most successful experiments of bringing up a large family was that of a woman who regularly fed her babies a bit of broth made from a well conditioned chicken or wild bird. Pigeons were abundant in her locality, which was comparatively a new country, and the cup of pigeon broth without fat was regularly given and with the greatest benefit. In her own case, the milk was not sufficiently rich to keep the child in good condition, and she much preferred a carefully prepared liquid of this nature to milk from the dairy. The Jersey cow, where one can keep her, is the best nursery annex imaginable. As soon as the babe needs more than its mother milk, a little Jersey if properly fed and cared for will supplement a natural supply in a most worthy manner. Until a child has cut its teeth, solid food is not desirable. A little soup, broth, strained gruel or porridge and milk prepared in various ways is much to be preferred. Children die by thousands because their mothers are vain enough to think their babies can do almost anything safely.

"'Why my baby ate quite a bit of beefsteak the other day,' said a preternaturally smart young mother, as she held up the poor little thing for her friends' admiration. It was a delicate child and no more fit to struggle with a piece of beefsteak than with a paving-stone. The natural sequence of the affair was that after awhile the baby died of cholera infantum just as all the sensible friends and neighbors expected it would. The mother charged the taking-off to the mysterious ways of Providence."

Shall Women Who Have Comfortable Homes Go Out To Earn Money?

"Patience and common sense have been worn almost threadbare by the hue and cry about women with comfortable homes going out to earn their own living," said an ambitious young woman who wanted to do something for herself. "Now, here is a case in point: My family consists, besides our parents, of two boys and four girls. The oldest is a boy, then three girls. This oldest boy has been encouraged ever since he was a youngster in knee trousers with the idea that he was going to make a great success as a business man. He has a natural business gift, and if he is not spoiled meanwhile will probably have quite a brilliant future. Next to him is a girl whose faculty for management and organization is infinitely superior to that of her brother; in fact she coaches him in half of his undertakings, and he finds her advice very well worth following. 'Well, Mollie said do so and so,' is his ultimatum when an argument on method comes up.

"Two years ago, this same Mollie thought she would go into business herself. We live in a good-sized town, and there are, of course, a great many there who want work. Mollie took up a branch of business that was said to be quite overdone, but understanding it thoroughly and doing it on the strictest business principles and in the very best possible way, she is making a great success out of it. Now, as to the results of all this, Archie is lauded to the skies for his ambition, Mollie is criticised, annoyed, accused of taking the bread out of hungry women's mouths and abused in various ways. In one of the weekly prayer-meetings, some one referred to the uncharitableness of those who would rob the widows and orphans of bread by going to work when it was not necessary. A special session of a society to which Mollie belonged was called on the sly, and the grievances of a number of poor women were laid before the meeting. When all was said and done, they did not see how they could do anything about it, although, in a way, they thought it was dreadful.

"Now, I am the second daughter and I want to do something. When I begin, I suppose I shall have to go through the same sort of martyrdom, and I confess I don't like it. I see no reason why Archie should be praised for learning to do something and making himself independent, while Mollie and I are to be blamed and abused and made to feel that we are wronging the poor.

"Father is just as well able to take care of Archie as he is of Mollie, and simply because one is a girl is, in my mind, no valid reason why she should sit around and be supported. The woman has a perfect right to engage in any occupation that she chooses. If there are twenty-five other women doing the same thing, she merely enters into competition with them; if she does her work better she will have more to do; if they do their work better they will outstrip her in prosperity.

"The world wants people who can render it the best service. Whether these people have other resources than their alleged occupation is neither the business of the world, the church, the philanthropist or any individual of any name or calling whatever."

Flowers for the Table.

A woman who is noted for her sensible and practical ideas recently made a floral device for the center of the table that is worthy of commendation. She secured a woven willow-basket of suitable size and enameled it in white and gold. Through the meshes picot-edged ribbon in a medium shade of green was interwoven. In the basket was placed a shallow earthen pan containing perfectly clean, well-washed sand. In this sand the stems of the flowers were thrust, making a border, while in the middle a small and handsome fern in an earthen pot was buried. Several earthen pans were provided, and in these various plants were set and allowed to become well established. Any one of these will bear three or four days in the dim light of the dining-room without suffering; they are then taken out, put into the conservatory, and others are brought in. The wicker-basket is easily kept in order, is light, convenient and, having a foundation of white and gold, may be dressed with any ribbon or silk that suits the decoration of the table or the apartment. As a general utility trimming for the table it has the merit of being inexpensive, dainty and in every way manageable. With various modifications this idea can be utilized for many of the floral devices that the modern dinner or lunch-table may require.

Raspberry and Currant Jelly.

Carefully pick over and crush ripe currants and raspberries in equal quantities, and put the crushed fruit into a jelly-bag suspended in such a way as to permit the juice to drip through it. Let the fruit remain over night in the bag, to make sure that all the juice is drawn from it, but do not squeeze the bag, because the fruit-juice should be perfectly clear. Next morning measure the juice and allow an equal measure of sugar; stir the fruit-juice and sugar together over the fire in a preserving-kettle until the sugar is dissolved; then boil them gently until, a little cooled on a saucer, it becomes a jelly within about two minutes. When the jelly is boiled to the proper consistency, partly cool it and then fill it into glasses. When the jelly is cold, put a round of white paper, dipped in brandy, in each glass, and then close the glasses with paper dipped in white of egg slightly beaten. Keep the jelly in a cool, dark closet. If the fruit-juice is clear and the jelly boiled long enough, the result will be satisfactory.

Boiled Turkey and Celery.

Chop half a head of celery very fine. Mix with it one quart of bread crumbs, two scant tablespoonfuls of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper, two heaping tablespoonfuls of butter and two eggs. Stuff the turkey with this, sew up and truss. Wring a large square of white cotton cloth out of cold water, and dredge it thickly with flour. Pin the turkey in this, and plunge into boiling water. Let it boil rapidly for fifteen minutes, then set back where it will simmer. Allow three hours for a turkey weighing nine pounds and twelve minutes for every additional pound. Serve with celery sauce. The stuffing may be made the same as above, only substitute oysters for celery and serve with oyster sauce.

Corn Oysters.

One cupful of flour, half a cupful of melted butter, three tablespoonfuls of milk, two teaspoonfuls of salt, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of pepper, one pint of grated corn. Pour the corn on the flour, and beat well; then add the other ingredients, and beat rapidly for three minutes. Have fat in a frying-pan to the depth of about two inches. When smoking hot, put in the batter by the spoonful. Hold the spoon close to the fat, and the shape of the oyster will be good. Fry about five minutes.

A CAPTURE AND AN ESCAPE.

BY JAMES S. PRIDE

The following adventure which befell Joshua Baker and Paul Hathaway, scouts and frontiersmen in the year 17—, deserves to be recorded. It is one of the most curious in border history. I question, indeed, if, in that respect, it has its equal.

Baker was employed to conduct a surveying party, which set out, in the summer of that year, from the falls of the Ohio, and, having completed his task, was returning with Hathaway, when, toward evening on a certain autumn day, they came to a place on the banks of the Kentucky River where Baker, two seasons before, had spent some time prospecting for a settlement and hunting deer, buffalo and other game.

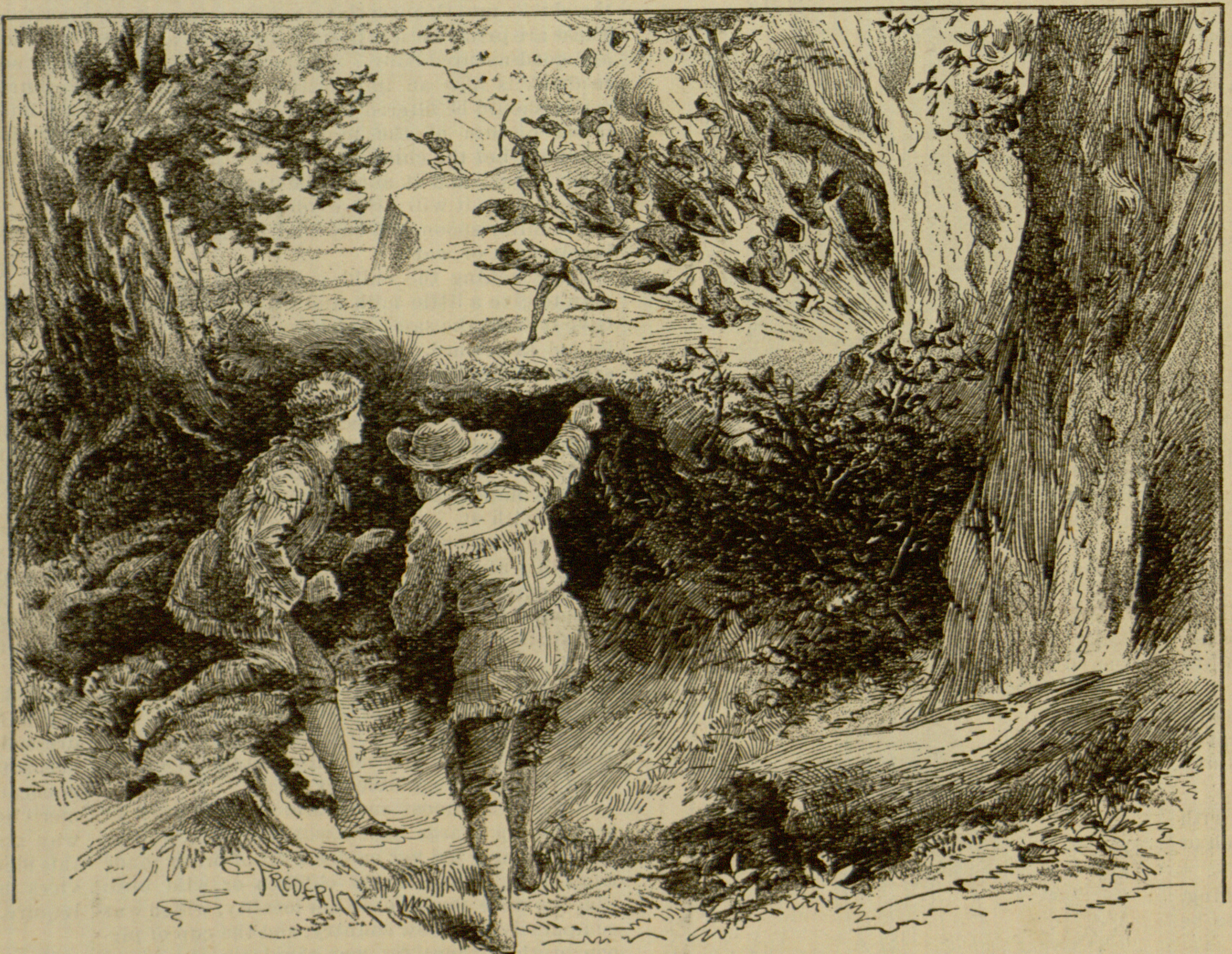
Here he had dwelt in a cave formed by nature in the side of a high hill overlooking a considerable reach of the river, the entrance to which was concealed by trees and bushes which grew around it. It was upon a steep, almost perpendicular face of the hill which formed but the continuation upward of a vast ledge of limestone, which ledge, rising abruptly from the water of the river forty feet or more, presented, at that point, a flat, horizontal surface on top, of about one hundred feet wide between its outer margin and the hill which rose still fifty feet higher. At some little distance away, the interval between the hill and the border of the ledge dwindled in width to not about a dozen feet. The entrance to the cave was situated some thirty feet above the ledge and was hidden by bushes as stated.

The cave was discovered by the scout in the following manner, which I will state as briefly as possible: Pursuing a wounded stag, one day, up the forest-clad hill on the steep side thereof facing the river, he lost his footing and slid downward toward the ledge. Catching hold of the bushes which grew thereon, he managed to sustain himself in part till he reached a rock projecting from the hillside, which stayed his further descent. The rock on top had a flat, tablelike surface, six feet wide and was surrounded by trees, rooted below it, through the boughs of which an extensive sweep of the river, clothed with primeval forests, was seen glittering in graceful curve afar as well as immediately beyond the ledge.

On making an examination of his surroundings, he found that the bushes growing in the hill above the rock concealed the entrance to a cave; and, removing some vines, stones and other material therefrom, he was enabled to enter. On doing this, he found himself in a spacious chamber lighted by chinks in the rocky wall above the entrance. It was a commodious apartment thirty-five feet square and as nicely contrived for a place of residence as though art had designed it for that purpose, which in some remote time it may have done. It may, indeed, have been anciently an abode of cave-dwellers.

The desirability of the place as one of secure retreat against savages at night at once suggested itself to him, and thenceforth during his stay in the region he used it for that purpose. Having occupied it for a day or two he discovered another mode of exit and entrance. Chancing to displace some loose earth and stone at the back of the cave, an opening was revealed, which, on being widened, was found to connect with a passage leading upward to the surface directly under a huge hollow tree. By enlarging this passage, it was make of sufficient width to permit him to ascend into the trunk of the tree and thence to emerge into the open air, through an extensive aperture in the side, and thus he had two ways of entering and leaving the cave. These matters it is important to bear in mind.

Toward this retreat Baker and Hathaway were bending their steps, threading their way along the ledge, where the interval between its outer border and the hill was exceedingly narrow and overgrown with cedar and other bushes, when a dozen Indians, who had been lying in ambush, sprang out upon them. Hathaway, being pounced upon from behind, was overcome before he could make any effectual resistance. Baker, who was a giant in strength and stature and more on the alert, was not so easily managed.



A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION SHOOK THE EARTH.

Three Indians assailed him in front. Of these, seizing one up easily and with the quickness of thought, he pitched him, head first, over the cliff. At the same instant almost darting out his foot, he dealt the other two violent kicks in the stomach, in succession doubling them up in the bushes like jack-knives. Then, shaking himself free from those who had seized him from behind, and springing to Hathaway's rescue, he knocked the savages right and left with his rifle, which he swung around him with terrific force, and calling to him to run, set off at the top of his speed, followed by his companion and by the Indians, who instantly darted in pursuit on regaining their feet.

So fleet of foot were the frontiersmen that they would probably have escaped had not fate been, as it was at that moment, against them. They were rapidly widening the distance between them and their pursuers, when unfortunately they ran into a party of about thirty other Indians, who were ascending a narrow pass between the hills into which they had turned. The damage they managed to inflict before they were finally overcome—for a struggle instantly ensued with that result—filled the savages with rage.

Those who had been hurt vented their spite in kicks and cuffs and other indignities, which they bestowed without stint upon their now helpless captives, making signs and giving utterance to expressions which showed that the full extent of savage vengeance would be meted out to them.

"Big white man kick Injun much strong in him belly! Make Injun much hurt! Injun make white man hurt. So! So! Ha! Ha! Make white man burn bime-by!"

These and like exclamations by certain ones who understood some English rendered it very apparent to the white men what they had to expect.

When these demonstrations were concluded, the Indians, compelling their captives to precede, conducted them to a spot on the banks of a small stream flowing into the Kentucky, some three miles from where the capture was effected, where at least seventy other warriors, with a number of squaws, were encamped. The frontiersmen, with indignation, observed that many of the savages—nearly all, in fact—bore scalps of whites at their waists or other trophies, which showed plainly that they had recently come from a murderous raid against some one of the settlements. There was also plunder of one sort or another in the camp, which testified to the same thing; and a number of horses, which had evidently been stolen, were picketed near, feeding on the rich pasturage.

One of the squaws, as it chanced, was the spouse of the Indian whom Baker had thrown over the cliff, and whose body had been fished out of the river so much the worse for wear as to be of no further use, his head being utterly smashed in. On learning the fate of her husband and that "the big white man" was his slayer, she flew at him like an enraged tigress, struck him, spat upon him, screaming out a torrent of epithets, and finally, seizing a tomahawk from a warrior near, would have cleft his skull with it had she not been restrained. She had to be carried away at length by main force and confined to get rid of her, whereupon the whole batch of squaws set up a howl of sympathy. They gathered about the enraged virago, and declared vengeance upon the "white murderer," as they called him.

After this scene was over with, a council was held to determine the manner in which the prisoners were to be disposed of. It was settled, after a brief deliberation, that they were to be burned at the stake; but as night was near at hand, it was concluded to defer the execution of the sentence until the morrow.

In the night no incident worth recording occurred, wherefore this part of the story may be passed rapidly over. For the prisoners the hours dragged slowly. No opportunity for attempting an escape was given, the guard never for a moment relaxing its vigilance. At length the morrow dawned, clear and odorous of sweets from the autumn woods which bordered the stream opposite the camp, where, at an early hour, preparations were made for carrying out the decree of the council. These were few and simple. When all was ready, the captives were led forth and bound securely to two trees, so as to be able to move neither hand nor foot to any purpose. Fagots of dried limbs were then tied up around them, and all was prepared for the final act. None seemed to anticipate the coming savage *auto-da-fe* with so much delight as the squaws, who were wildly demonstrative. But among the warriors there seemed suddenly to have arisen a difference of opinion. They collected together and disputed. Some were evidently opposed to the execution, some in favor of it.

Presently one who was a great chief among them, and whose voice had been particularly loud in the dispute, left the rest and, approaching the prisoners, said:

"The big white man is a great brave; he has shown it; he has no fear. His friend has none. They are both brave men. There is nothing the red man loves so much. Let the white men live, then. Why should they die?"

"There is not the slightest reason why they should, in my opinion," answered Baker. "With my consent, they should not even be confined."

"Let the white men live and be friends with the red man," the Indian resumed. "Should it not be so?"

"As to the matter of living, you already have my opinion upon that," answered the scout; "and I presume Hathaway here is of the same way of thinking. As for being friends with the red man, that depends upon how the red man cuts up. If he goes on murdering whites, it is out of the question. You should always bear that in mind."

But the Indian apparently did not care to discuss that matter. He simply waved his hand haughtily and went on:

"Let the big white man live; let his brother live; but let the big man remain and dwell with his red friends. Let his white brother depart; let him go in peace."

"In other words," said the scout, "you want the big white man to forget his color and become a red man. Is that the only part of your scheme?"

"No, but the rest is easy," answered the chief. "Let him marry the squaw of the brave whom he slew. Let him take her husband's place in the wigwam and supply her with food."

"Your first offer I might reason about, even if I did not accept it in the end," replied the scout. "A man will sometimes do outlandish things to save his life; but to consent to marry that squaw yonder—I couldn't even reason of it. There 's Hathaway there; perhaps you can get him to take her; but not me."

"Hathaway will see himself skinned, bored and burned, all three, first!" replied the owner of the name. "He 'd sooner marry a she-bear with a nest full of cubs, or a wild-cat with kittens, or a rattlesnake with twenty rattles to its tail, than that squint-eyed, lop-eared, savage old abomination!"

It is not likely that the Indian took in the exact meaning of each of these words, but he gained a sufficient understanding thereof to know that his proposition was rejected, and that with scorn. He made, therefore, no further effort at persuasion, but after looking at the men in silence for a moment, turned slowly on his heel and rejoined his companions, who were awaiting his report.

There was a good deal of commotion among them when it was learned that their offer of pardon had been scorned. In the midst of the excitement the squaw who was the stumbling-block in the way of negotiations, enraged at the slight cast upon her, suddenly seized a knife, and rushing to Baker, made a savage lunge at him with it, intending a fatal stroke. But the blindness of her rage caused her to stumble, and therefore to strike wildly. The blade glanced down the scout's side, barely grazing his skin, but severing the thongs which bound his arms. Those being freed, he reached out snatched the knife from her hands, and, cutting the cords around his legs, sprang to Hathaway's side and liberated him also. All was but the work of a moment.

"Run your best now, Paul!" he yelled, as they bounded off, while the Indians, recovering from their momentary surprise, quickly followed, every warrior in the camp joining in the pursuit.

The scouts bore first up a long incline clothed with gorse and other bushes, at the foot of which in the valley of the stream the camp lay. Then down upon the opposite side of the ridge into a wild meadow stretching along the bank of the Kentucky River. It was some two miles wide, clothed with long, rank grass and crossed at intervals by small streams. Until they had reached the crest of the ridge they rather lost than gained ground in the race; but with the open meadow before them and their limbs now freed from the stiffness consequent upon recent confinement, they demonstrated quickly the superiority of their running powers.

Ere the meadow was half past they had doubled the distance between them and their foes. At the three-quarter point they had trebled it, and were still leaving them, yet not so far nor so fast as not to need to put forth every exertion.

On reaching the further side of the meadow, a second rise was encountered, not so long as the first, but steeper; and, having crossed this, they descended into a wide valley between the hills in the east and west, the latter lying along the Kentucky, and hemming it in on both sides for miles. In these hills was situated the cave already described.

The scouts had shaped their course hitherto away from the river obliquely, but coming to a strip of woods, the side of which they skirted, on reaching its northern limit they abruptly changed their direction and made for the wooded hills by the river. This placed the woods between them and the savages, who were still in full cry, and not so very far behind.

"Put in your best licks now, Paul," said Baker to his companion, who kept close beside him, though not by any means so long of limb. "If we can reach the woods yonder before they come in sight, we are safe. We will be, anyhow, for the cave is in those hills; and once we get into that, they 'll be puzzled to find us. I defy them to find us there!"

But ere they reached the goal alluded to, the foremost of the pursuers came within sight; and, changing their course to suit the direction taken by the scouts, with a whoop of triumph, as though that were quite assured, continued the chase.

Up the first hill they came to, the fugitives went amid the covering wood, then down into a wide depression between that and another hill; then up the other hill, till they arrived, after a good deal of exertion, near the spot where stood the hollow tree through which lay one of the entrances to the cave alluded to. Before coming to it, they adopted a precaution for throwing the pursuers off the track, by ascending into the branches of a tree some sixty or more feet distant and swinging from the boughs of one tree to those of another, till they reached the tree they sought. This they accomplished by means of trailing vines twisted around the boughs and easy to lay hold of.

To withdraw the cover from the opening, enter and close the passage behind them, as they descended, was but the work of a moment. Ere the pursuers commenced the ascent of the second hill, the scouts were snugly ensconced within their subterranean abode. They heard the savages when they came to the spot where the trail ended, shouting to one another, evidently at fault. One or two arrived first, and from the accumulation of voices it was plain, presently, that numbers had assembled and were puzzling over the mystery.

For some minutes the pow-wow was kept up. Then silence ensued, which lasted unbroken for at least half an hour. During that time not a sound was heard within the cave to intimate that there was any one without. The silence of the grave could not have been more profound, nor was it broken by the frontiersmen, who remained quietly in their lurking-places awaiting developments. They had no weapons, only the knife which Baker had wrenched away from the squaw.

At the end of about half an hour, deceived by the protracted silence in believing that the foe had departed, they were about venturing forth, when a great shouting above them and the appearance of light in the passage through which they had descended apprised them that their retreat was discovered.

"They have found us out, Paul!" said Baker, looking cautiously up the opening.

"Aye, the red varmints!" answered Hathaway. "And they'll not leave, either, as long as we are in here. What's to be done? They have us now like two foolish rats in a hole."

"Not so fast, friend Paul," replied the other. "They may prove to be the foolish rats themselves. They'll prove utterly foolish, or I'm mistaken."

"But they have all the advantage of us," urged Hathaway, "having only to sit down quietly and starve us out, if they can find no quicker way to reach their end. What's to prevent?"

Baker's look, which had again been directed up the opening, was withdrawn at this question. He replied:

"We'd be foolish rats, indeed, to stay and be hunted out, when we have a means of escape! See, here is a side entrance, which you were unaware of," and he stepped to the door referred to, and showed it to Hathaway. "You see, I am better provided with means of safety than you thought for. We can escape whenever we choose; but before we go, we'll give them a reminder that we have been here, which they will never forget if they live to remember it."

He took out, as he spoke, from a covered niche in the wall, a cylindrical-shaped object wrapped round with oil-cloth, which he brought and deposited on the ground by the entrance.

"We'll see, at a pinch, what that will do for them. It isn't very large, but it's capable of a great deal of work, when set a going."

Hathaway's curiosity being aroused, he inquired what it was.

"What you have had a good deal of commerce with in your time, Paul, as well as I in mine," answered Baker, proceeding to undo the cloth. In this operation, his hand was slowed by a peculiar scuffling sound in the passage from above, and the next moment a huge painted savage came sliding down through the same, dragging another after him, whom he had caught by the legs. They had lost their footing in experimenting with the passage, and tumbled in in spite of themselves. They were seized immediately on their appearance and, notwithstanding their bawling, dispatched without ceremony.

"They'll not be apt to try that move again very soon," said Baker, quietly replacing the knife in his belt with which he had dispatched the intruders. "How the devils yell!" As he thus exclaimed, a number of rocks were heaved into the passage and came rolling down into the cave, amid redoubled shouting above.

"You may roll rocks down here, but that's all the good it will do," he continued, carelessly, beginning again to undo the oilcloth. "You won't have any concern for those, but you'll take precious good care to keep out yourselves"

Here Hathaway, who was closely watching him, seeing him pause to listen, again ventured to inquire what the object was.

"Powder," answered his companion. "See, there is the mark. When I was hunting here, two seasons ago, I sent for this keg of powder and had it brought to me from the settlement. I intended then to remain here much longer than I did. As it turned out, I had no use for it. Now it comes nicely into play. It's as dry as a bone, too," he added, opening the keg.

"But what use can we make of it, Josh?" asked Hathaway. "We have no guns."

"True, but we'll make the cave serve for that purpose," answered the other.

"The cave!"

"Aye, make it a big gun that will make a mighty sound when it goes off, and do a deal of damage to some one. Hark! It can't be that the knaves have discovered my side-door. If they have, it will put a different face upon matters." He stepped quickly to the side of the cave, as he spoke, and hastily undoing the fastenings from the door opened it and looked cautiously forth. After a moment he resumed:

"They're down there in the ledge as sure as shooting," saying which he drew back and partly closed the door. "I don't think they suspect or are looking for any opening here though. They'll not remain there long if they are not." He waited for a few moments and then looked forth again. "There're gone as I expected. Lest they should come back, we must make haste and get away."

He returned, took the keg of powder, replaced it in the niche from which he had taken it and producing a fuse proceeded to adjust it.

"I always had an emergency of this sort in view, and provided myself with a fuse accordingly," he observed, laughing.

"Gosh! Are you really going to blow up the cave?" Hathaway asked in astonishment, seeing him proceed to light the fuse.

"The cave and those on top of it," was the cool reply. "But before I touch it off take a look out of the side-door and see that no one is there to interfere with our going-out. The fuse will last about fifteen minutes and we want to be making tracks as soon as it commences to burn."

Hathaway looked cautiously out and around, and reported the coast clear.

"Here goes, then!" said his companion, lighting the fuse. "Now let us be off!"

Rocks were occasionally being rolled down the passage from above, and the howling of the savages continued, as though pandemonium were let loose. The scouts meantime quitted the cave, descended amid the sheltering bushes to the ledge, and beat a rapid retreat. No one hindered them.

When they reached what they deemed a place of safety, they turned and looked back. Almost as soon as they did so, a terrific explosion shook the earth and nearly threw them from their feet. At the same instant, above the woods, upon which they looked from an elevation, trees, earth, rocks, where the explosion occurred, were hurled up into the air in indistinguishable confusion. The sound might have been heard fifty miles away. Immediately afterward silence reigned profound where so short a time before frantic Indian yells had resounded.

"If any of them survive that," said Baker, "they'll be so badly shaken up as not to be of much further account on the war-path or in scalping innocent babes and women. Let's get back to the camp and see what is going on there."

They accordingly directed their steps thither. On arriving they found it deserted by all except the squaws, who, terrified by the noise of the explosion, were huddled together in one spot. On observing the scouts, they set up a howl of alarm and fled to the woods wherein they concealed themselves. The scouts made, of course, no attempt to follow them, but loosening the horses, and, mounting two of the finest, set off rapidly for home, where they arrived safely, in due season, with their booty.

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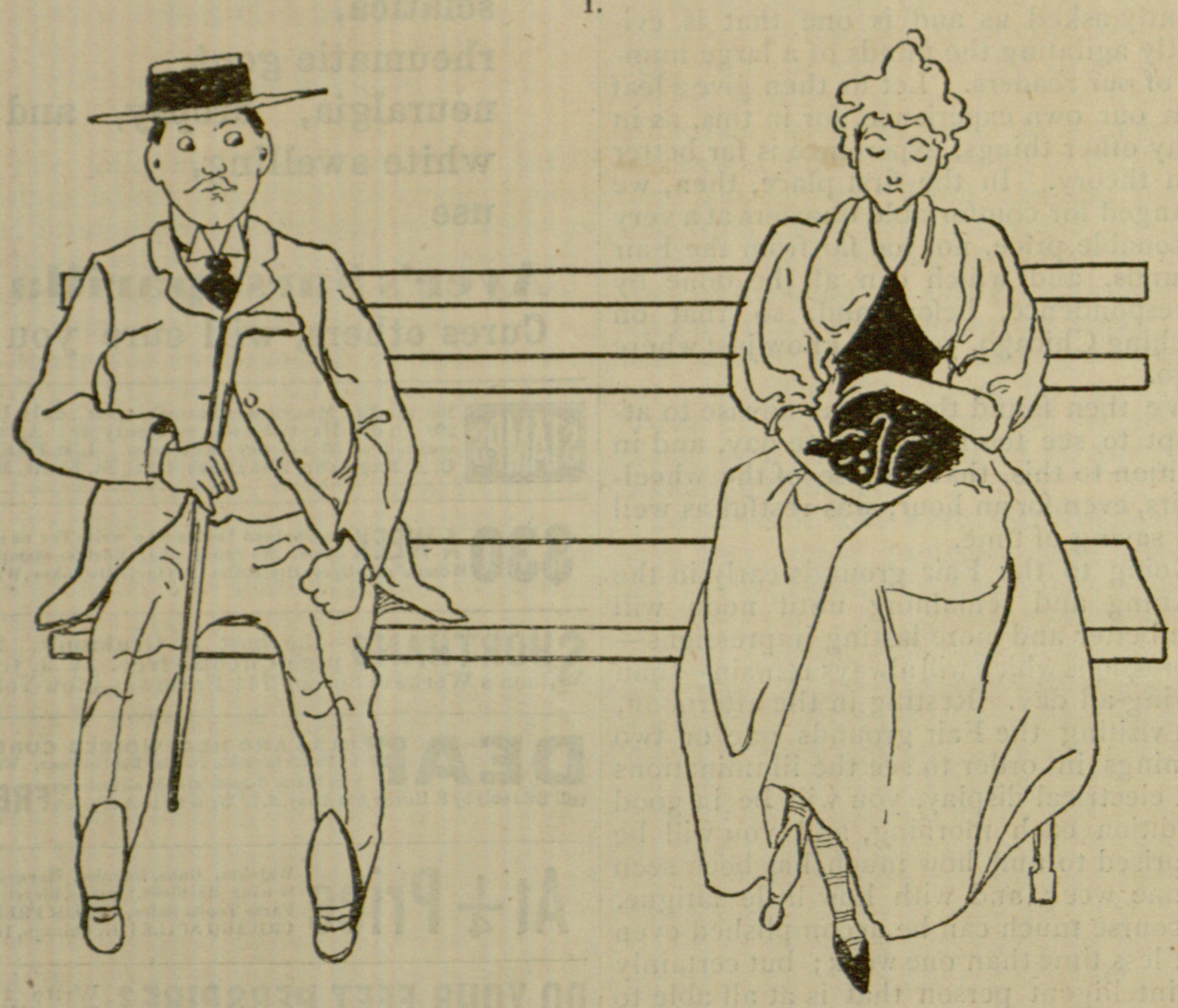

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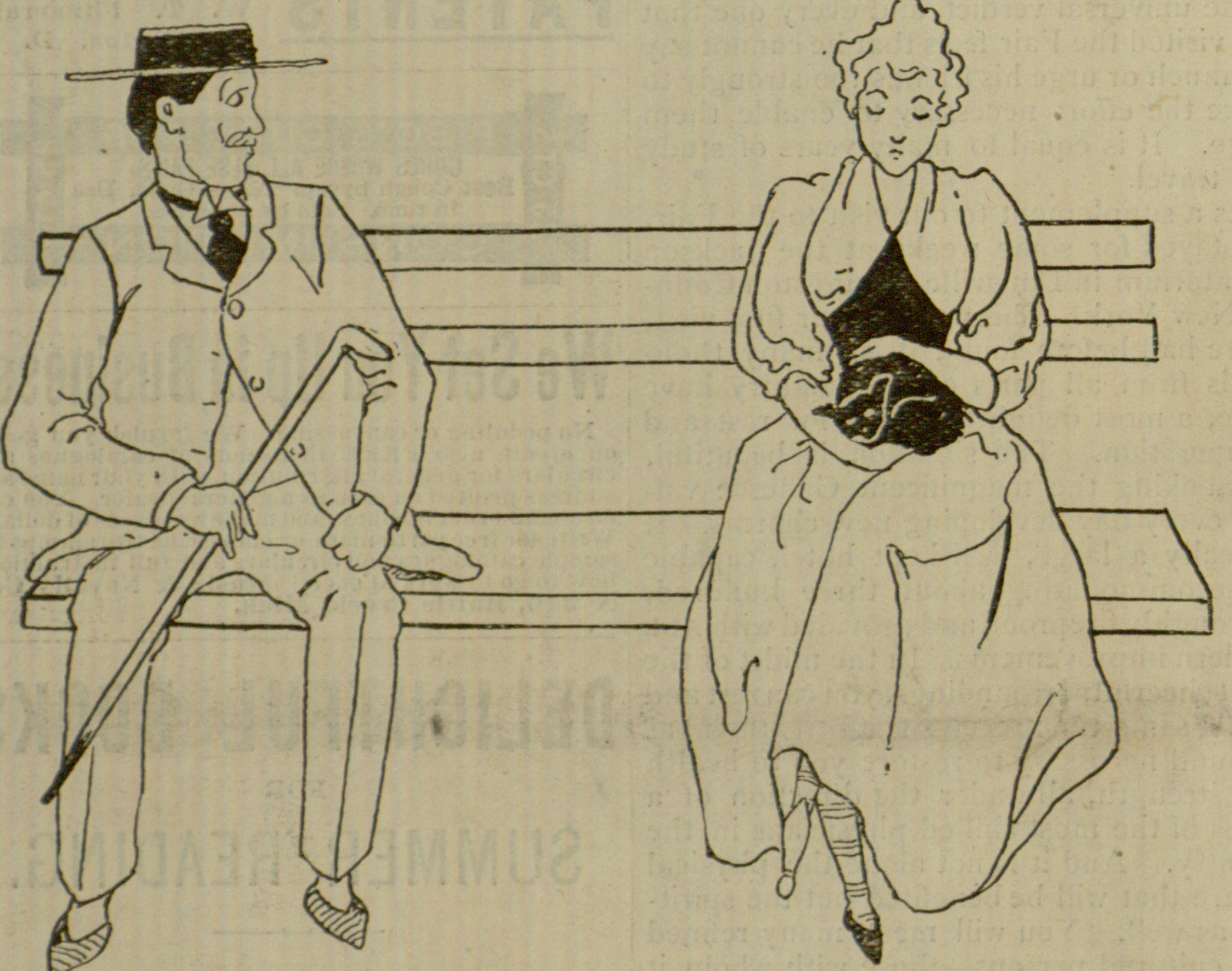

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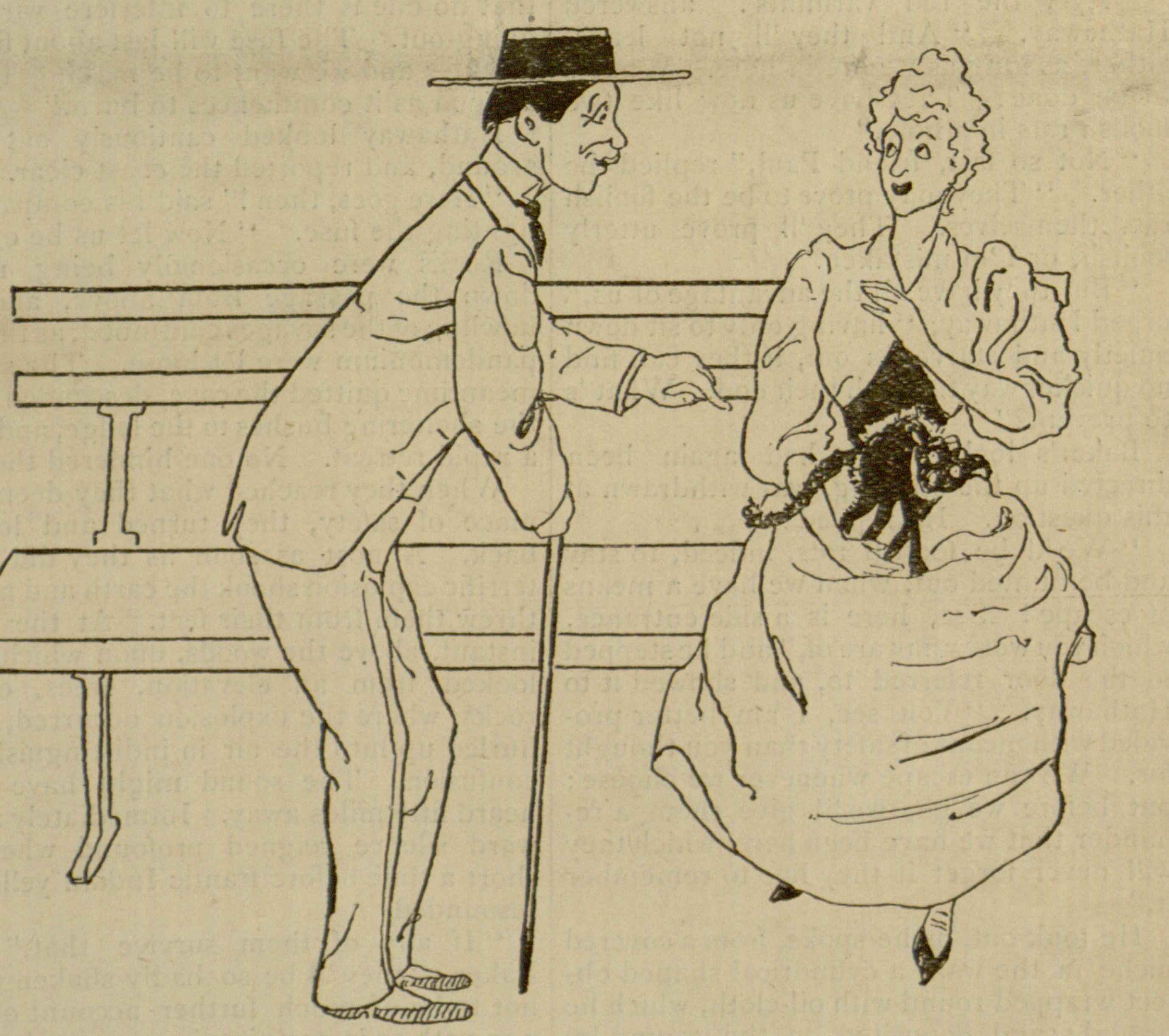

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